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LABOUR AND THE NATION

UNDREDS of thousands, indeed millions, of en and women still regard the British Labour rty as the only practical alternative to another olonged period of Conservative rule in this untry. They recall the "homes for heroes" ud after the last war; the slump and the unnployment; the destruction of the intertional system which was at least an attempt to revent this war; they recall that the "hardced business men," who were returned to Parliaent in 1918, have been in charge of British affairs om that day to this and are still hoping to be in arge of the next peace settlement and presumly of the next war. They believe that there is Socialist alternative, and they expect from the abour leaders not only the reality of the Bevedge Plan and of further reforms that will lead wards Socialism, but also a revival of the intertional outlook that Fascism has destroyed on e Continent; they look especially for a serious tempt to link the soldiers and workers of this untry with the soldiers and workers of the S.S.R. They also expect an attitude towards dia and towards the colonial people that is arply different from Mr. Churchill's. They alise that they must win the war before conntrating on the political struggle, and they are d to have Labour leaders in the Cabinet. But ey make it clear in scores of resolutions and eetings all over the country that they want the surance that this time at the end of the war there ll be a formidable opposition party with a uthful outlook and determined leadership.

What reply has the Labour Party Conference is week given to the sober aspirations of the nk and file and of many who, overseas and at me, can now take no part in politics, but regard e Labour leaders as the trustees of their future hile they are away fighting Fascism? They will cept the overwhelming decision of the Conferce that the electoral truce must remain, but some ay ask whether it would not have done better adopt the proposal of Aneurin Bevan, who inted out that the decision when to break the uce should lie in the hands of the Executive. the political truce must remain until another nnual Conference, then the leaders of the Party ve no bargaining weapon inside the Government, and when the time comes the Conservative Central Office will be able to choose the moment and the issue on which to shelve the Labour members of the Government. Mr. Atlee's declaration that the Party Conference must meet to decide, after the defeat of Germany, whether the Coalition should continue was democratic and popular, but not necessarily good tactics.

Next, the Conference rejected Herbert Morrison in favour of Mr. Greenwood as Treasurer. Why? The reasons given are that Mr. Morrison has made a number of able speeches which have been interpreted as a bid for leadership, and that it is improper for a Labour leader to show symptoms of leadership. His speeches at this conference confirmed the view that he remains the outstanding figure on the political side of the Party, especially if he be a member of the War Cabinet. We have even heard a strangely sentimental argument that, since Mr. Morrison is already in the War Cabinet, Arthur Greenwood, who was once in the Cabinet, should have the Party Treasury as a consolation prize. Which is much the same argument that used to keep antediluvian generals in their posts because whatever happened to common soldiers in battle you could not oust a good fellow like Blimp from his command. The vote was weighted against Mr. Morrison by the hostility of some great trade unions, especially the Transport Workers, who have had a grudge against him ever since he was Minister of Transport in the days of MacDonald. No less important was the strange confusion in the minds of many delegates on the Beveridge Report. Mr. Morrison, who was unwise enough to allow himself to be jockeyed into becoming spokesman for the Government's indecision on Beveridge, has in fact in this matter the best record among the leaders. That he has done his best to carry the Beveridge Report, while other Labour leaders, who have been lukewarm or even cold about it, have been able to say nothing, is a fact which should have been known to most members of the Conference. There is perhaps another objection to Mr. Morrison. As Treasurer he might have made extensive changes at Transport House. He is known to favour a policy of promoting young candidates who would stand a better chance against the R.A.F. pilots and other young Service officers whom the Conservative Party has already chosen as candidates for the post-war election. The able speech in which Mr. John Wilmot advocated this policy was unfortunately allowed to pass without comment.

The Party Executive seemed always aware that the Churchill Government was sitting by them on the platform and holding their hands. No debate was allowed on the effort of the Post Office Workers to force the repeal of the section of the Trades Disputes Act which prevents their becoming members of the T.U.C. On this it is enough to say that Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine seldom see eye to eye, and that the Government as a whole reflects the Conservative Party's resistance to any change in the 1927 Act. On the international side there was an unfortunate vote on "Vansittartism," and a rather alarming attitude towards the proposed delegation to Moscow. Speaking on behalf of the Executive Mr. Laski could not tell the Conference why last year's promise to send a delegation had not been honoured, whether the proposal to send a delegation had been submitted to Moscow, and whether the barriers which had prevented action so far were likely to be removed in the near future. The impression left is that a majority of the Executive are not interested in attempting to form a new International which includes Russia after the war or in collaborating with Continental Socialists who in resistance to the Nazis have found good allies in the Communists. The enthusiastic decision to refuse Communist affiliation was a foregone conclusion; the root reason is the deep distrust which their policy and tactics have created in the constituencies. This would be no matter for regret if the leadership of the Party was itself resolute and dynamic. As it is, the younger men and women, who should be now looking to Labour, are left increasingly to hive off to the Communists or to a probably transient party like Common Wealth, which appeals to technicians and other valuable people who may be Socialists but who are not easily persuaded to join a predominantly Trade Union party. The ban on Common Wealth will increase their antipathy to Labour.

What then have we to expect of the Labour Movement now? The Trade Union section is dominant, the organised workers will continue to find their Unions a bulwark against encroachments on their standards of living, and they may be satisfied until the next slump and unemployment with the improvement in their conditions and status which Mr. Ernest Bevin and others have won for them during the war. For the rest, the Party will be a pressure group for rather more public control than employers will wish, rather more Beveridge than Sir Kingsley Wood will desire, and rather more internationalism than the Conservative Party will think proper. Younger and more energetic speakers will continue, as they did this week, to make admirable speeches on Social Security and Education, on India and on other subjects. They will succeed sometimes, as they did this week, in adding to the Executive an occasional figure of the younger and more progressive type, like John Parker and Percy Collick. But the Party machine may be said this week to have announced to the world that it accepts as necessary a continuation of capitalism, and regards itself as a section which is content within the existing order to win for the working class a rather better standard of living and of freedom than it would have if the corporate state should be formed without its participation.

But it is possible that a very different thing might happen. No one present at the Conference could fail to see how essentially British it was both in its good and bad qualities. It was quick-witted and muddle-headed, always ready to laugh at itself, to listen to its opponent, and criticise its friend. One moment it seemed to be old with a kind of political and mental sclerosis, the next, one felt that there was still within it a common sense that may come to the rescue. When the time of stress comes after the war, it is possible that this common sense will be galvanised into activity, and that, with the country behind it, the Labour Movement, under a younger leadership, will insist on the changes, economic and political, which will alone save us from disaster. It would not be a revolution in the Continental sense; it would be a typical British revolution.

France and the Mediterranean

Four small islands have now surrendered to overwhelming air attack. Speculation about the next offensive is idle. Where the next basis of operations is to be in the Eastern Mediterranean or whether Sicily and Sardinia are expected to follow in logical order is an operational decision involving those complex amphibian operations of which Mr. Churchill recently spoke. Where the public can usefully assert itself is in considering the type of occupation at which we aim when we do reach the populated parts of the Continent. The tangle of Giraud and de Gaulle is still unsolved. For this we must frankly say we regard Washington as primarily responsible; by continuing to back Giraud, they prevent the reorganisation of the army on which de Gaulle is absolutely right to insist. What good reason there can be for foisting on France an officer like General Georges, who stands in the French mind for nothing but his association with Gamelin and military defeat, we cannot conceive. There is a danger that the State Department, to a much greater extent than our Foreign Office, will think only in terms of "law and order" in Europe. Seen from Washington, the nations of South and South-Eastern Europe are "distant countries about which we know little," places with a nuisance value to be kept out of mischief and social turmoil by any authoritative government available. According to the correspondent of the *Times* in Algiers the view of the Giraud party is that the politics of officers do not matter; they should be retired only for "technical incapacity." We recall that the most reactionary and dangerous section of the German military caste were permitted to remain in 1918 on exactly the same plea; they became the most powerful group who supported Hitler a few years later. In insisting that the army must be reconstituted, de Gaulle certainly represents the popular movement in France; to maintain officers and administrators who under Vichy have been associated with reaction and collaboration is to lead France straight to civil war. In his present dispute with Giraud, he has the interests of France and of Europe on his side.

The State and the Doctors

Where do we stand now about the Government's pledge to introduce a comprehensive public medical service? It would be pleasant, but unrealistic, to hope that the good debate on this subject at the Labour Party Conference has scared Mr. Ernest Brown more than the menacing noises recently made by the B.M.A. An influential part of the medical profession seems determined to fight not only against any plan involving a large-scale salaried medical service in public employment, but even against anything that will subject the doctors to any real measure of public control. Evidently, if a doctor's certificate of unfitness is to be the passport to an assured income, there must be some check on the doctor. But this is nothing new; for such a necessity has existed ever since the Insurance Act of 1911 came into force, and has been met without any really serious difficulty. The weakness of the Government's recent approach to the doctors was that, in telling them that they would have to work under the new scheme for some sort of Local Authority, it neither described what sort of authority it had in mind nor did anything towards making plain the part which the doctors will be expected to take in running it—and not merely in being run by it. There was a singular air of unpreparedness at this, as well as at other points, in the Government's approach—the reason presumably bei that nothing has yet been settled about chang in the structure of Local Government. The di pute with the doctors brings out the need for single Ministry of Social Security to the Beverid plans on a comprehensive basis; for it shows th the organisation of the medical side of the Bev ridge scheme cannot in practice be divorced fro the sickness benefit side, to which the doctor certificate must open the door.

Milk Distribution

At the annual general meeting of the Mi Marketing Board, the Chairman made some ve strong criticisms of the new system of fixin margins for milk distribution. A margin of 2 a gallon is allowed for wholesaling. The farme who deals direct with a retailer gets no benef and can save himself trouble by dealing with wholesaler. Sir Thomas Baxter stated that man farmers are now using the services of a wholesale for the first time, thus increasing the amount unnecessary services interposed between produc and consumer. Another point which Sir Thom made is that the large distributors receive up 1½*d.* a gallon "self-wholesaling allowance" return for no additional service whateve Such accusations come rather strangely from th Milk Marketing Board, which has always bee suspected of pursuing a policy more favourab to distributors than to producers or consumer But the blackness of the pot doesn't make th kettle any whiter. The new system appears have all the characteristic vices of "cost-plus," and is the inevitable outcome of trying to make a omelet of public service without breaking an eggs of established private interests.

THE FIRST WORK OF PEACE

The draft agreement for a Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is only a draft, but unlike the Keynes and White plans for the control of currency it is not a speculative paper but a definite official proposal, the first definite proposal made so far for joint action after the war. And though its scope is limited to relief, on which the United Nations are agreed in principle, the whole conception of the scheme, worked out evidently with great care, suggests the lines on which other wider activities could be jointly undertaken. One need only compare this plan with the one-sided charity organisation of the Hoover relief work after the last war to realise what an advance it represents politically and also as an administrative scheme. As international machinery even the League had nothing to show so solidly set up or with functions so positive and autonomous allotted to it.

This scheme is clearly intended as a model for international administration. The Preamble refers to preparations for the "return of prisoners and exiles to their homes, for the resumption of agricultural and industrial production, and the restoration of essential services"; and a good deal more than relief is contemplated in the actual text of the draft. Article I empowers the Administration to acquire and hold property and to create other agencies; it expects it to provide not only food but also "fuel, clothing, and other basic necessities, housing facilities, medical and other essential services"; and not only to provide them but to "facilitate in areas receiving relief the production and transportation of these articles and the furnishing of these services." This suggests something rather more like the T.V.A., intended to spread and to grow, and seems designed to be the future channel for peacetime lend-lease.

Relief at the end of the war will be more than a matter of humanity. Besides being in much greater need than in 1919, the peoples of the Continent will also be politically more upset and divided, and the first work of peace will do much to heal or to harden those divisions. A local regime faced with opposition would be tempted to nurse its followers and starve its opponents, whereas an international agency doing the job of relief fairly would also lay a sound foundation for political reconstructio The peoples of Europe will be so exhausted th without adequate and impartial help they migh slump into political apathy or flare up into politic hysteria. For all these reasons it is all to the good as the draft proposes, that the administratio should be in the hands of one person, a director general, appointed by the Council; and if th choice should fall on Governor Lehmann, a would be assured of a humane, efficient an impartial performance. It is also well that th director is to have a free hand in the appointmen of personnel, as that seems the only way to buil up a capable international civil service unencumbered by national obligations.

"Policy-making" is to be entrusted to Council with one delegate from each membe State, meeting no less than twice a year unde an elected chairman, with subsidiary region bodies; but the continuous executive contr would be in the hands of a Central Committe of which America, the U.S.S.R., China an England would be members, with the attendanc of other countries when their interests are unde discussion.

It is unlikely that this arrangement will b accepted without demur by the other State and if this, or any other agency, is to widen th scope of international action there will have t be some generous amendment of such contr by a limited and fixed directorate. But at th same time it would be highly unrealistic to expec the first step out of power politics to take u straight into that equality which is not yet realise even in national life. The issue is sure to cro up in every scheme for international action, an we have to face the fact that nothing di so much to cripple the work of the Hague Conferences and that of the League as insistence on th principle of equality and unanimity. If th American draft makes a breach in the idea o formal equality, it fills it with the promise of working equality, from which none should benef more than the peoples with lesser resources an power. After all, they would get the benefit o the service, a voice in the making of policy, an the whole work would be subject to scrutin and review—surely three good steps toward genuine international government.

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

President of the Board of Education is ected to present his promised Bill to Parliament ing the next few weeks. Its scope is still nown; but certain predictions about its tents can be made with a good deal of con- ence. It is generally expected that it will vide for raising the school-leaving age to 15 mediately after the war, that it will include the titution of a system of secondary education m 11+ for all normal children, and that it l set up the machinery for part-time continued cation from the leaving-age to 18. It is also tty generally expected that it will put the vision of school meals and school milk on a manent basis, that it will greatly improve the angements for medical inspection and treat- nt, and that it will embody a comprehensive ution of the problem of the non-provided ools. It is also widely hoped that it will make State-aided secondary education free, and that will attempt a solution of the difficult problem educational areas. Most people seem to expect the future of the "public schools" and the vision of larger facilities for university and lege education, including the training of chers, will be left over for separate treatment r on, when the committees which are now sidering these issues have presented their l reports. What will be done about nursery ools no one seems quite to know; and it is certain whether the numerous "private venture" ools will be dealt with in the Bill, or left to be lt with later with the "public" schools. n if these things are left over the Education l is bound to be a most important and far- ching measure and to bring about changes in public system of schooling that would have med to our parents quite revolutionary. And . . . how much will even these far-reaching nges mean in practice; and how much are y meant to mean?

Take first secondary education for all. Does really mean that all children, from 11 +, are be given as good an education (though not essarily of quite the same kind) as a minority of ldren are able to get now in the existing ondary schools? Does it mean that standards accommodation, amenity and staffing, including ratio of teachers to pupils, are to be as good the new popular secondary schools as they were 1939 in pre-war secondary schools run by good al Education Authorities? We strike here first serious snag. Even if the intention is to hieve all these things, up to the limits of sheer ssibility, they cannot all be achieved quickly. rtage of suitable buildings can perhaps be n overtaken, though the demand for schools l have to compete with other urgent claims on capacity of the building industry. Shortage good teachers will be much harder to overtake, only because there is a shortage of training ces and the period of training needs to be ger than it has been for most teachers hitherto, even more because it will be exceedingly ficult to find enough young men and women o are willing and able to be trained so as to ome teachers of real secondary quality. There accordingly the very real danger that our new ondary schools for all may turn out in practice be in many cases no more than relabelled mentary schools, with premises and staff deficient in both quantity and quality.

There is a second danger. For a long time past, der successive Presidents, the Board has paid more attention to improving the quality of ior than of junior elementary education, and re to secondary education than to either, except under the special impetus given to senior schooling by the Hadow scheme. The result is that in premises and in staffing the junior schools, which are the elementary schools of the future, have been allowed to lag behind. Their buildings are in many cases deplorable, and the teachers in them have been wrestling with most depressing difficulties, often with very little help or encouragement. The danger is that, faced with the need for a big secondary school building programme, including technical schools, the Board may yet again set aside the claims of the junior schools to special consideration, and allow them to go on languishing in the wretched surroundings of early Victorian buildings, often worsened by the subsequent building-up of the environs, so as to leave schools always gloomy in a condition of disastrous deprivation of accommodation for play, and even of the necessary minimum of light and air. The further the Bill goes towards compromise on the religious issue, the greater this danger will be; for the easiest way of compromising will be to accept low standards of accommodation in schools which are suffered to remain in being.

Yet a third danger is that the new continuation schools for young persons who have entered into "gainful occupations" will, in order to disarm opposition, be started on the wrong lines. There will be a strong desire among many employers—especially among the smaller firms—to turn these schools, if they must come, into trade schools of the narrowest possible kind, and to grudge every instant of the curriculum in them that is devoted to "useless" cultural subjects. Yet surely the primary purpose of continued education should be, not to train boys or girls for a particular manual or clerical occupation, but to make them at once good citizens and highly adaptable to a wide range of different ways of earning their livings. We were glad to see this point strongly stressed in the *Statement on Industry and Education* issued not long ago under the auspices of Nuffield College, with the support of many leading employers as well as of educationists from every sort of school and college. But has this enlightened view penetrated to the main body of employers, or even to most of the members of Local Education Authorities? Clear as it is that intelligence and wide adaptability will be the qualities most needed in British industry after the war, in view of the certainty of vast changes in the structure and technique of production, there are still too many employers who look to the continuation school, if it must come at all, as a means of exempting them from doing anything to train their own workers for routine production, rather than as a a means of raising the mental quality of the community as a whole.

There is, moreover, an opposite danger that may play into the hands of this type of reaction—the danger that, in face of the all-round shortage of teachers, the continuation schools may be made a dumping ground for the least efficient members of the teaching profession, or for half-trained recruits. Mistakes of this order played their part in wrecking the continuation schools started under the Fisher Act after the last war; and we must do everything that can be done to prevent their being made again. It will not be easy to get boys and girls keen on continuing their education compulsorily after they have gone to work; and much imagination will be needed both in working out and in applying the right methods. The second-rate teacher will certainly fail at this task—though it is true that in many cases personality will count for more than academic qualification, and the real test will come when the teachers for the new kind of school are being chosen and the appropriate methods of training devised.

So far, nothing has been said of the demand, widely made in educational circles, that the school-leaving age shall be raised, not merely to 15, but to 16 immediately after the war, or at all events very soon after. Is this really practicable, however desirable it may be? In other words, can it be done without jeopardising seriously the chance of getting real, instead of sham, secondary education up to 15, and of starting the new continuation schools on really satisfactory lines? With every desire to raise the minimum leaving age to 16 as soon as this can be done properly, we do not see how it can be done one, two, or even three, years after the war ends. We agree in wishing to have a date at which it is to be done included in the Bill (and not merely a day which the Government will be left to "appoint"); but we would rather see the date fixed for even seven years ahead than risk the wrecking of the rest of the post-war educational programme by an attempt to achieve too much at once.

There is, indeed, even more needing to be done quickly than we have so far indicated. There is a great dearth of technical schools and colleges in most parts of the country; and it is clearly desirable to include a large provision for technical education in the new secondary programme. It is, moreover, vitally important that this technical provision shall be of really high quality—not mere trade schools, but schools designed to give their scholars a wide, general education with a predominantly mathematical and scientific background, such as the best of the existing technical schools afford. This means high-quality provision of plant and buildings; and it means teachers equipped to teach technical subjects in a cultural way, and to turn out students with a good power of self-expression in competent English, as well as with a real understanding of the scientific background of modern technique.

Again, there is the vexed question of "boarding." We are not among those who give a decisive preference to boarding schools over day schools, or look forward to their extension to cover all the children all of the time. But we do believe both that there are many children who would profit by going to a boarding school, but have now no chance of it, and that a period of boarding could very usefully be introduced into the school lives of a still larger proportion of children. To the first of these groups belong not only sickly or problem children, children from bad homes, or children whose parents are abroad, but also children in whose home areas (especially rural areas) the kind of education they really need is not to be found. To the second belong very many town children, who would greatly benefit if to each urban school there were attached a boarding school to which they could be sent for a period or periods during their school lives. Such attached boarding schools could also serve as centres for school camps, for agricultural and other special forms of training, for convalescence after illness, and for many other useful purposes. Many redundant country houses could with advantage be turned over to this function, as some have been for purposes of evacuation during the war.

The difficulty, of course, is that all these desirable things will not be easy to do at once, even apart from the opposition from obscurantist and vested interests which some of them are certain to arouse, What is abundantly evident is that *the* key problem is the provision of teachers of the right kinds, in the right numbers, and aided by the right kinds of training. Most people agree that our present methods of training teachers are thoroughly unsatisfactory; but it is often argued that we cannot try to improve them just now, when we need a great increase in numbers and must put up with what we can get. This attitude is highly perilous; if it prevails it will wreck any Education Bill that enlightened administrators can devise. Indeed, the problem of finding the right teachers is so vital that we propose to discuss it fully in a further article, rather than attempt to deal with it cursorily here.

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ON THE THRESHOLD OF ITALY

Very soon, as the great strategic operations of the United Nations develop in all their magnitude, the political problem of Italy will, one hopes, take its natural place in a more general picture of European settlement. Meanwhile, the situation to-day inside Italy is of considerable interest and importance.

The Italian press makes curious reading. Gone are the bold Axis headlines and the columns extolling anti-Semitism and other German importations. So unpopular and unavailing has the Nazi alliance become that references to it have been relegated to the bottom of the newspaper column or to the back page.

Instead, there is a desperate drive to resuscitate the Fascist spirit of 1922 when Fascism was in its heyday. I say desperate, because this campaign of resuscitation cannot hope to win approval from anyone under 35 (who was 15 in 1922) who is much more concerned with the present than with the past. Successful revolutions develop and alter with the years, as the Russian revolution has done. Mussolini's appeal to the spirit of 1922 shows signs of sterility and desperation. All over Italy the ex-combatants of the other world war are being called in to reorganise the *Fascios*, to replace the present Prefects, to replace that powerful personage, the Federal Secretary (comparable perhaps with our Regional Commissioners acting *during* an invasion). The day Pantelleria fell, 50 new Prefects were appointed, all Party members "of the first hour." All the Sardinian and many of the Sicilian Prefects were among them.

And, by the way, it does not follow that these pristine Fascists are the worst specimens of the Party. That, as always in Italy, is a question of character. Any Italian political exile will tell you that men and women who joined the Party for the purpose of active political life *after* 1924 are the most reprehensible. The dividing line is the murder of Matteotti in 1924. But, among the pristine Fascists are always a good few of those "Squadristi," the terror-men, the beaters up and the administrators of castor oil, some of whom, like Balbo, Scorza and Giunta, rose to fairly high position, most of whom showed little ability for anything but violence.

The newspaper and platform appeal to-day in Mussolini's Italy is a defensive one. Defend the sacred soil of Italy! Keep the imperial spirit alive. That is the way to regain the Empire. Keep united! We must go through to the Peace Conference united! Only integrated nations will be able to say they have won this war! And ever and again, Defend the sacred soil of Italy. This last appeal is very strong and deflections from it on a large scale are not to be expected, unless something unforeseen happens, such as the sudden death of Mussolini. The fear of disintegration is very strong too. The Italian people is moderate and logical in its best moments. At times, in our propaganda, we have set out to confuse and disintegrate the people of Italy. It was a poor and unsuccessful policy, and it collapsed for lack of executants and for lack of results.

What happened in Pantelleria gives us a hint of what may happen elsewhere. That white flag seems to have gone up in one section of the island while elsewhere Italian troops resisted as we landed. Some such piecemeal breakdown is likely in the case of attacks on Sicily and Sardinia.

What happened in Lampedusa should not happen again. We appear to have continued to bomb this minute island after it had yielded, because we missed its surrender signal. I was there in 1936 and so small is it, that while my ship from Trapani was unloading its cargo of water (it had not rained then for two years and every drop of water had to be brought from Sicily) I was able to walk from one end of the island to the other.

The loss of these two islands probably means less in Italy than their gain has been made to mean in our press. The fact that the entire population of Pantelleria (9,000 in peace-time) had been evacuated and replaced by an Italian division, certainly indicates that it was expected to hold out longer than it did. But the speed of our North African operations has been such that the Axis has no time now for alterations in its plans.

Pantelleria is exceedingly small and was once very beautiful. My ship, coming to it from Lampedusa, simply dropped anchor off shore. There was no harbour there in 1936. Launches came out to take off cargo and passengers. But that summer 10 million lire (a small sum) had been allocated to its fortification. To Italians it has about the same significance as a fortified Sark would have to us. It is in no way comparable with Malta, and it would be unfortunate if we were to conclude that Sicily and Sardinia can be bombed into surrender as easily.

Our bombing offensive on Italian soil is of course terrific. The Italian press seeks to comfort the thousands of homeless refugees with lurid pictures of almost daily bombing in England. Thus Gayda in the *Giornale d'Italia* on May 25th writes: "The implacable air bombardment of Italy by the English and by the Americans is being repaid by an equivalent and continuous bombing of all the British Isles by the German air arm." When a bomb drops in Greater London, the Italian, and doubtless the German, people read of "heavy bombing of London," "all-night attack on London." Accounts of recent little raids on London are quite fantastic in the Italian press.

What evidence have we of dissent in Italy? In the north, in the industrial working-class north, there seems to be a growing feeling that it is unmodern to be fighting *against* Soviet Russia. Thus Ravasio, in Mussolini's paper, the Milan *Popolo d'Italia*, on May 18th, wrote: "To-day we note that too many Italians find the anti-Bolshevik struggle a reactionary and non-revolutionary undertaking."

Farther south, in Rome, there is another dilemma, to judge by the inauguration speech of the new Executive Committee of the Rome Fascio on May 22nd. These Fascio Committees are being changed everywhere. In Rome it was necessary to say: "Every Italian is involved 100 per cent. in this war, and every Fascist must feel that the dilemma between honour and compromise has already been solved." For compromise read peace, and for honour read a fight to the finish, and you get an idea of the Roman dilemma.

Between those Italians who want peace and those who are ashamed to be now fighting against Soviet Russia there are many grades of angry Fascists, ex-Fascists and non-Fascists. Their surrender, like their opposition, will be piecemeal and not spectacular. They have no one under whom to rally: no King, no Pope, no Party. Can we do anything to cement this opposition?

So many people here feel friendly disposed towards a liberated Italy. The ties are old and strong, and the bare business of bombing and unconditional surrender is beginning to rankle with President Roosevelt, whose message to the Italian people last Saturday suggests new possibilities, while clearly refuting any peace with Mussolini or his henchmen. Also our communications with the Italian commander at Pantelleria before its surrender were a straw to show the way the wind is blowing. They were courteous and firm.

Those of us, and we are admittedly few, who know our "other" Italy and know it by long residence in Italy under Fascism and by continued association with Italian critics of the regime, know that despite 20 years of Fascism there are many respected Italian citizens inside that country, still young enough to take responsibility and sure of a following in their cities and districts by reason of a life that has had no contact with the huge network of graft and favouritism that runs right through the Fascist administration. It sounds so simple, but it is true. Such men exist, and honesty is their passport in an Italian world riddled with a black market in food, finance and ideas. With the backing of force, supplied by the occupying armies, men like these could achieve something.

We rather naturally doubt the capacity of
ex-diplomats who to-day largely advise on It
policy, after their years of deliberate avoid
of contact with Fascists, non-Fascists and
sident Fascists inside Italy, to know how or w
to find these allies inside Italy. Our Embass
Rome knew and liked the Roman aristocracy.
knew and liked hardly anyone else. It sho
have known Cianetti, now one of the most pow
ful people in Italy and exceedingly access
right up to 1939. It should have followed
political trials of the Special Tribunal for
Defence of the State.

If the Italian Generals are to be our first al
we shall be contributing nothing towards
Italian problem. If we occupy the great Ital
islands wisely, we may be able to forestall so
of the frightful chaos and civil war which oth
wise await the unhappy mainland.

SYLVIA SPRIGG

THE IRISH ELECTION

Eire is facing a General Election on June 22
Nobody wants one. Urgent matters of sup
command the day-to-day attention of Minist
There is no burning issue before the electors
why have an election?

Mr. de Valera explains that it is not the w
of the Government to plunge the country i
election turmoil. But he takes the legalistic v
that, under the Constitution, an election must
held unless the Opposition asks him to conti
in office. No one can be more a stickler
legality than an ex-revolutionary.

A Coalition Government (to avoid an electi
has found many advocates. But this was decisiv
rejected in the Dail. Mr. de Valera has sai
"It is difficult enough even among members o
party who come in on a certain programme to
agreement to pursue a vigorous policy, witho
having the whole thing complicated by trying
compose differences between party views a
getting nothing but compromise all the w
through." Cosgrave, the leader of the Oppo
tion, has emphatically refused to serve under
Valera.

From the standpoint of National expedien
the de Valera policy of neutrality is conside
on all sides to have justified itself. Eire has k
out of the conflict and has avoided trouble w
turbulent internal elements. Even the clos
friends of Britain doubt if any other policy co
have been successful. Consequently, all th
parties proclaim the maintenance of neutrality
their aim. Only one deputy, Mr. J. Dill
challenges the neutrality policy and his positi
as a democrat would have been stronger if he h
not been a fervid supporter of Franco in Sp

With the one live issue killed for the electi
the contest will turn largely on personalities. H
Mr. de Valera has a decided advantage. He
still the outstanding personality in Irish polit
to-day. His part in the earlier National strug
has given him prestige as "the man who won
war" with Britain, and now he is regarded
"the man who won the peace" for Ireland.
mathematics professor of a mystical turn of mi
he maintains that aloofness from mund
problems which endears him to those who wo
rather hear him discourse on the importance
the Irish language than upon the shortage
potatoes or petrol. And while his Ministers m
be blamed for shortages and muddles, "Dev"
looked up to as the National leader. "After a
says the Irish man in the street, "we're better
than most of the small nations and we've
Dev to thank for it!"

Weighing up election possibilities it see
likely that de Valera will get back, though in
election fought on personalities anything m
happen. No striking figure has emerged on
other side. Neither the principal Opposit
party nor the Labour group have put forw
clearly defined policies which would mean cha
ing the National course. So the argument ab
leaving the wheel in the hands of the pilot w

s successfully negotiated the storms, makes ong appeal.

Yet there is no lack of discontent. Eire is pass- g through a period of increasing economic ress, especially in the towns. Butter, potatoes, a, sugar, bacon and other foodstuffs have been fficult to obtain. The cost of living has risen ormously and work is scarce. With prices ounting ever higher, wages were pegged down y the "Standstill" order. This has now been odified in face of necessity. Labour should enefit by the "discontent" vote. But political nsciousness on the Labour side has always been eak in Ireland.

Cosgrave is making a bid for the farmers' vote. e has promised various grants and reliefs to the rmer. He blames the Government's agricul- ral policy for the shortages of butter, bacon and gar. Whoever gets the farmers' vote in Eire ll win. The Irish farming community is rela- vely prosperous, much more so than the workers the towns. This should tell on the Govern- ent side. Higher prices have been given to heat and beet growers, and the Government has lped the farmers with loans. So this vote may to either party.

Those familiar with the nuances of Irish politics ll expect Mr. Cosgrave to plump for cattle and m produce. He sees the country's prosperity und up with the traditional exchange of meat d dairy produce for British industrial goods. e Valera stands for a policy of further indus- al development in post-war years. But both ders take a more realistic attitude than hitherto d are inclined to shape policy by events. This s shown by de Valera signing the 1938 London greement giving Britain industrial preference the Irish market in return for other concessions. the implications of this agreement were under- od in Britain much of the anti-Irish prejudice nded on ignorance would disappear.

The Beveridge Report has focused attention— wever reluctantly—upon social security in Eire. l the parties favour family allowances to help ge families, and the Government has promised introduce its scheme *after* the election. The bour Party has called for the setting up of a tional Economic Council to plan the nation's sources and to eliminate unemployment. The rty—through its ebullient leader, Mr. Norton, ned as a Government critic—has also demanded National minimum wage of £3 a week. Mr. emass, Minister for Industry, discussing the veridge Plan, urges that in Britain the scheme based upon the collection of weekly insurance ntributions from wages, but that in Eire half occupied population do not work for wages, ing small farmers, traders, etc.

Personal enmities have produced dissension in Labour ranks. At the last minute Jim Larkin, veteran Labour leader, has been adopted as an icial Labour candidate in Dublin. Larkin is ry popular in Dublin; the controversy over his lection was part of the twenty-year-old ven- tta between Larkin and William O'Brien, cretary of the Irish Transport Union, which rkin founded and afterwards left. The Trans- rt Union votes were solidly against Larkin.

An issue which a more vigorous Labour Party ght have chosen to fight on is the extension of te activity in production and distribution. tually, every big step in Irish economic develop- ent—from the Shannon electricity scheme on- rd—has been carried out by State initiative and nanced by the State. Yet in theory—as dis- ct from practice—Eire is still committed to ivate enterprise and private ownership of the ttiest kind. As a result there are endless uddles. In general, the State finds the sub- dies and private interests pocket the profits. oner or later, Irish labour will have to demand t Eire readjusts its economic thought to the dern world.

R. M. Fox

VERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods de of raw materials in short supply owing to r conditions are advertised in this paper should t be taken as an indication that they are necessarily ilable for export.

AN ARMY DIARY

[Tom Harrisson, founder of Mass Observation, contributes this Diary from an Army camp.]

I SPENT some Surrey hours this week in the company of a woodlark, that very local bird which the unobservant easily mistake for the skylark, though it is stumpier, likes to perch, and sings more subtly and to my mind more sweetly than Shelley's bird. The woodlark was not the principal subject of my wartime attention. All around it were explosions, ricochets, tracer and smoke. Its territory was laced with craters. It woodlarked happily through. That is ornithology's attraction: birds are very able to ignore brigadiers, and wars too. But I did sadly notice the other day the lovely patch of gorse and heather land where my young brother—who writes now of kites and cranes seen from his staff car Persia way—and I found a pair of dartford warblers, probably the nearest pair to London. Our secret, sacred patch where we spent days of delighted observation, has been flattened into huge non-existence, acres of bare earth, by tank manoeuvres. Only now would I dare disclose the locality without fear of egg-collectors—if I were not equally afraid of the censor!

* * *

No wonder a lot of National Saving is being done for a grand post-war holiday tour of Europe or more. An insular people, we may be. I don't fancy the result of prolonged insulation, though. We can become home-weary. The British Empire arose and survives because Britons ache to be out of their country when they're in it, and long to be back when they're out. These days our journeys are of death, our observations of enemy. My boys will not like birds or butterflies, but planes and regimental signs. I must admit that spotting badges becomes absorbing, if you do it along with an excellent illustrated pamphlet, *Regimental Badges and Service Caps* (George Philips, 1s.). Quite like rare bird days! But I draw the line at my two and half year old, who roughly distinguishes Spitfire and Wellington before he can tell even Stuart Hibber, and Robert Robinson.

* * *

Any normal serving man strips his uniform the moment he's home. In civvies he recaptures, with sharp excitement, the tempo of civility, mental independence, the privilege of dirty shoes if he wants them that way. I find many civilians look upon a young man in civvies as a civilian, and consequently liable to a cold shoulder or iced stare. Few realise that every soldier is on leave approximately one week in thirteen, so that somewhere near a tenth of the Home Army is home at any moment. Nothing is more revolting than to see a comfortable publican, or a cosy dowager in some restaurant, giving a horrid look! If the chap is under 35 and not on leave he's either utterly unfit or in some job where he's absolutely essential. Save such stares for the mirror, or the maid.

* * *

In the numerous talks of post-war intention, I have heard little about the place of advertising. War has taken the emphasis off normal competitive commercial propaganda, and put it on to Government injunctions in a vast visual panorama of cajolery and caution. However much Mr. Thurtle hopes, it's hard to see this carrying on in peace, tragic though it will be to see the Malet Street White Mammoth crumble back into the detritus pile of business-like life. Commercial advertising has been wisely secretive about its subtler powers. Only a few advertising agents, notably those in the Advertising Service Guild, have faced up to their indeed serious social obligations. Aldous Huxley accurately observed that the press was powerful only in influencing our attitudes on matters about which we have no strong opinion. The failure of so many official campaigns monthly underlines this basic truth. Anyone who tried to travel on legitimate war duty at Whitsun had a forcible example of the citizen's failure to respond to patriotic appeals. In some places, peacetime holiday turn-outs were almost equalled. But the trivial trend can in time add up to the terrific. Years of B.O. advertising make hygiene, and these days working youths are cleaner and prouder of appearances than those who barely feel the cost of scented soap or hair lotion.

* * *

Underlying most commercial advertising is the encouragement of acceptance, receptivity. It has promoted the novel and popularised the useful, at the cost of self-criticism and social suspicion. It has contributed a small but significant amount towards the apathy of so much modern citizenship. Patent Medicine advertising is the surest spot, as well as the richest mine for the agent. With wide National Health Planning in sight, a conflict cannot be avoided soon, for much of this advertising contradicts or confuses sound medical practice and health service. The facts have often been disclosed. What interests me is a recent Mass-Observation study which suggests that there is a considerable wartime increase of medicine taking, mainly in the direction of vitamin, calcium and similar "protective" (or pseudo-protective) preparations. At the same time opposition to patent medicine *advertising* was remarkably clear-cut, even among many addicts. Eight in ten were definitely critical of such advertising, and there was some pretty strong feeling, though this chemical laboratory assistant was unusually severe:

> I feel very strongly about patent medicines and would suggest that they should be completely abolished without any exception. Patent medicines are usually quite fraudulent, and even if a few just escape this level, it is immoral that firms should make profits out of people's sickness.

This last is the growing attitude.

* * *

Talking of post-war plans, another little matter needs to be thought out in advance, lest a wave of Armisticial Stupidity sweep the land. I mean: War Memorials. The death of Courtenay Pollock, designer of so many of them, brings this to mind. Our land is littered with small, always moving, but often hideous and nowadays rather meaningless memorials. Many are in effect mass-produced as regards design, and not one in a hundred really fits its particular village or town environment. It would be too awful if Britain were again sprinkled with granite plaques and crosses after the war, and the dual effect would indeed be fairly absurd. We want to honour the dead. Very much so. Are they honoured in cold, similar stone? Where a real effort to think out a suitable method has been made, as in Sandhurst Chapel or Harrow School cloisters, we do find a genuine atmosphere of constructive commemoration. This time let us try to make memories that live. A wholly new approach is required. Maybe "Parks of Peace," maybe Club Rooms or Library extensions or hospital beds. That at least would be something definite, simple and sane to emerge from the war, whatever happens to Beveridge or Bancor.

* * *

The *New York Times* has made some strong remarks on Britain's high V.D. rate, and the infection of American troops, for which the Piccadilly area is especially blamed. The *Sunday Times* takes this up, and demands in a powerful editorial the immediate calling-up of all prostitutes! It *is* rather puzzling to walk through the West End and see so many apparently young women hawking themselves. But every nation must have its ritual orgiastic outlet, and Eros is Britain's. The solution of an erotic call-up is over-simple. These professionals are not principal carriers of V.D. It is the amateurs who crowd in after the money-flashing, easy-going American troops, who probably do the damage. The problem is serious. Even Mr. Bevin can hardly be expected to solve it. The negative approach is hopeless, as regards the women. Human nature abhors a vacuum, and the wise police have long ago found that it is easier to have limited, controlled prostitution in defined areas, than repressed, scattered, secretive stuff. But I suggest quite a simple solution as regards the men—if it is true that so much trouble starts in W.1. Ban the area to Americans. Bad luck, no doubt, but our own troops are severely restricted, not only in entering the West End, but in visiting London at all. A precedent is now established, as the American Navy have had to put most of Los Angeles out of bounds owing to the riots with Mexican " zoot-suited " civilians.

* * *

I have seldom been with a group of ten or more people all of whom agreed on one thing. The other day I had this unusual experience. We were discussing which Minister was the least effective broadcaster. Mr. Bevin was unanimously nominated for this post. It is curious how certain Ministers are unwilling—one cannot believe they are unable—to come off the high horse of platform oratory and *talk* into a microphone. The pulpit manner ill befits an instrument which has as only pulpit millions of sideboards and mantelshelves. Mr. Bevin has lost a lot of deserved popularity because of his poor radio manner. So, I think, has Sir Archibald Sinclair.

* * *

Parsons are even worse offenders. I am amazed at the standard of contemporary preaching in Anglican and Nonconformist churches. It is clear, coherent, eloquent enough. But it seems somehow *empty*. This is largely because of the peculiar vocabulary, the emphasis on latinised word and scholarly strophe, the especial elevation of voice taught in theological colleges. The result I can only describe as " unctuous." Press, film, radio, have much affected our judgment of words and their tempo. The churches seem to be working in out-of-date idiom. One does not wish that they should sink to " vulgarity." But it is no loss of dignity to speak so that every listener can understand and appreciate fully. There is little other purpose in speaking. The average Roman Catholic sermon is distinguished, on the other hand, by simplicity and directness. The Catholics, of course, are alone of the major denominations in showing an increase and growth of support and membership. The only sermon that I have ever remembered, —and I remember it often—I heard sixteen years ago from Father (as he then was) Ronald Knox. The straightforward sense of his preaching left a lasting impression, so that his is the only text I have ever thought twice about. " Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." I expect I have misquoted. I haven't checked. It doesn't matter. The sense stuck and affected me deeply, helpfully, whether I was counting Grebes or dancing Melanesian, or moving to the right in threes. TOM HARRISSON

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to V. Rae.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Wanted at once. A real gentleman (no make-believe), who will be treated as such and in return will be willing to undertake duties of small house for one lady. Cleanliness, good health and plain cooking essential. Salary £2 inclusive. . . . Man for rough work.—Advt. in *Maidenhead Advertiser.*

" This is a most unusual letter," said Mr. Justice Pilcher, in the Divorce Court, London, to-day. " Here is a wife who writes to her husband trying to instigate him to get on with the divorce proceedings by promising to send him half-a-dozen eggs." —*Liverpool Echo.*

Ignorance, by Clifford Reans—This is NOT an all V.D. show, but a story of real life dealing with FACTS. In the telling of the story the SCREAMING COMEDY makes it good entertainment. —*The Stage.*

ALLIES IN BELGIUM

THIS is Belgium's second experience of German occupation, but whereas in the last war a section of German opinion advocated the restoration of Belgian independence, the avowed aim of the Nazis is to incorporate the country as a vassal State within Hitler's New Order.

Over 400,000 Belgians have been sent to work in factories in the Third Reich. A normal experience in a Belgian factory is the sudden appearance of a Nazi labour raider who demands 10 per cent. of the working personnel. If the men refuse to go voluntarily, the number is at once increased. In Liège, as in Brussels, cafés are frequently raided and women rounded up in large shops and food stores. In Ghent, workers have been requisitioned from the metallurgical and textile industries, whilst in Mons raids were made on people leaving the trains.

This traffic in human labour, an indication of Germany's grave need of man-power for her war machine, shows the failure of the Todt Organisation to bribe Belgian workers to volunteer for work in Germany. These bribes mean a lot to a starving population, a premium of 750 Belgian francs (£6), a six-weeks' special family allowance, so that the family " may be able to make both ends meet comfortably until the first regular wages begin to reach them through the post," holidays with pay, etc. Many workers responded, of course, most of them because circumstances forced them to go; their ration cards were not renewed if they stayed in Belgium.

Trains which take these deportees to Germany are often covered with such inscriptions written in chalk by the men themselves, as " We are not volunteers," or " We are volunteers, but not from choice." Tens of thousands of these workers who were taken to Germany towards the end of 1942 are still in concentration camps, where the Germans have tried in vain to break their spirit before giving them work to do.

Thus the future man-power of Belgium is seriously compromised, and will present one of the big industrial problems when the war is over and the Belgian workers return from their enforced labour in Germany. But this is not all; Belgian industry has been robbed of its minerals and textile raw materials. Tin, copper and bronze are gradually disappearing; shortage of raw cotton has led to a great concentration in spinning and weaving mills, and stocks of overseas wool are already exhausted. Artificial silk and jute factories have been greatly reduced in number because of raw material shortage.

This deterioration of one of the most heavily industrialised areas of Europe presents a terrible problem for Belgium and Europe after the war. Its gravity is recognised by all Belgians, except perhaps by a few Quislings, like the journalist, Raymond de Becker, who runs *Le Soir* for the Nazis. In a series of articles at the end of last year he outlined Belgium's place in Germany's " New Order." The exhaustion of Belgium's raw materials to-day he excuses as " a hard but inevitable military necessity," and assumes that " the territories acquired in the East offer sufficient prospects of raw materials for industry to enable Europe in this respect to look into the future with reasonable confidence."

But apart from the few Quislings who have to develop such plausible theories, the masses of people in Belgium know perfectly well that they can have no security and no freedom as a vassal State within the Third Reich; they conceive it to be their duty, as far as humanly possible, to sabotage industry until the Allied armies of liberation enter the country and help them to return to normal conditions. In fact, the sabotage of Belgian industry, especially those essential for war production, is the most important aspect of Belgian resistance; in no other part of Europe is it organised with greater skill and efficiency. It has greatly increased since the Allied landings in Africa and the nearer prospect of a coming invasion of the Continent. In a recent month,
for instance, the figures officially published
the Belgian Government in London—and th
must have been others not recorded—were
follows: 233 waggons, 4 straw and 7 flax de
burnt up; 33 locomotives, 5 trains and 18 w
gons of munitions, 6 railway repair facto
1 central electric station all demolished; 1 tr
former and 6 electrical plants destroyed.

Communications are another target for
Allies inside Belgium, whose sabotage reinfo
the damage of the R.A.F. Last December t
cut a cable at Blankenberghe which linked up
the German fortifications from Flushing to B
deaux. At Dinant, the German army teleph
cables were cut in several places and the Bur
master and a number of lawyers and other w
known people were taken as hostages.

In the past year, strikes have been increasin
frequent; in some cases they have lasted fo
week and involved as many as 125,000 work
Sabotage and strikes are the workers' strong
weapons.

Whilst the industrial workers have played s
a vital part in slowing down production, Belg
officials have demonstrated their hatred of
regime by refusing to administer the law on N
lines. This happened, of course, in 1914-19
this time it is on a far bigger scale, so much so t
a decree of April 11th, 1941, ordered the dissolu
of the Municipal Councils. Any pro-Germ
who replaced them have met with active opp
tion ever since, the ex-Mayors and officials
treated as though they were still in office. T
Nazis have not found the Belgian judges e
to handle; last December over a thous
of them went on " strike," and the leaders,
cluding the judges of the Supreme Court, orde
the courts to be closed rather than subject th
to the degradation of dispensing law based
illegal decrees of German-nominated offici
The judges were arrested, but were subsequen
released. They had won the day.

The Catholic Church is another centre
resistance. Cardinal Van Roey has given a lead
the clergy by refusing sacraments to uniform
Nazis or Belgian fascists or to say Requiem M
for Belgians killed whilst fighting in Russia
the ranks of the German army. In obvious c
trast are the imposing funerals given to Brit
airmen killed in Belgium; when six of them w
killed near Wavre, the grave was massed w
flowers, among which was a cross inscribed "
gratitude to those who have given their lives
our liberation."

The Church, too, has often protested agai
the deportation of workers to Germany. The m
recent was a collective protest by the Bishops r
in all the churches last February. It follow
on a letter from Cardinal Van Roey to Gene
von Falkenhausen, the Nazi Military Gover
of Belgium and Northern France. The Cardi
based his request for the revision of forced lab
decrees, not only on their inhumanity, but also
their outrage of international law.

Protests against the same forced labour decr
were made by King Leopold, who wrote to
International Red Cross asking it " within
limits of the authority to use every means at
disposal to look after the Belgians who have b
obliged to leave their country and who have b
transferred to German enterprises." Again,
Ghent University, the students went on strike
April when the Germans published their dec
subjecting first-year students to six months' for
labour. Leaflets were secretly distributed urg
resistance and the German gendarmerie had
intervene in student demonstrations.

Linking together the various sections of
resistance movement are the secret newspap
In 1941 there were 78. At the end of 1942,
number had increased to 132 and their t
circulation was estimated at least 500,000 cop

The heroism of their resistance is better app
ciated when we realise that the Belgian peo
are not far from actual starvation. M. Em
Cammaerts, whose authority on this question
unrefuted, says in a recent article that all lett
coming out of Belgium to-day show that the fo
question has become an obsession among n

poor. In the past twelve months it has orated catastrophically. Mortality among ren has trebled in certain districts ; there is a f 80 per cent. in the growth rate of the young ; culosis figures are three to eight times higher in pre-war days. Workers are particularly hit ; they cannot take advantage of the market. Even the black market is diminish- ecause of the shortage of imports.

e food situation in Belgium, worse only in ce, is bound to deteriorate. Apart from the claim of humanity towards our Allies, there owerful argument in the fact that there comes it to resistance, even among the bravest of eurs, if they and their families are weakened unger. Both the Belgian Government and British Food Relief Committee have formu- concrete proposals, suggesting that the h Government should allow a few hundred of powdered milk and vitamins to be im- d every month, these foodstuffs being re- d for young mothers, children under 16 and people. In a public speech delivered on h 19th, the Belgian Premier made it clear he was anxious to finance the scheme, and the food and ships were available. He added if the Germans refused to give the guarantees h they gave in Greece, he would no longer his request for navicerts. The figure of tons per month suggested by the Famine f Committee only represents 2 per cent. of upplies which Belgium received during the war, and is nine times less than the quantity to Greece. The moral effect of this small f on the Belgian people would by far out- h any slight disadvantage which the realisa- of such a plan might involve. Indeed, it is of the ways in which we should hasten 's defeat.

[The above is the sixth of our series of articles on resistance movement in Europe. Previous articles Yugoslavia, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Greece and land appeared on February 6th, 20th, March 13th, h, and April 24th.]

A CAR-LESS FUTURE

paper to-day contains two items of informa- which should send shudders down the spines nsible men. Mine is shuddering to such ose that the shudders have run down my and into this article.

First, England : "A London where cars will vel at a hundred miles an hour without killing ldren on the roads. . . . This is the scheme d out at the First Exhibition of London's Regional construction Committee at the National Gallery."

Secondly, America : "There seems now to be no ious obstacle to the manufacture of cars weighing f as much as they used to weigh, or to engines veloping twice as much horse power in relation their weight as used to be developed. The ference in performance of such cars would be king enough. It also appears beyond reasonable ubt that high-octane petrol now being produced quantities never thought of before the war will available for new and lighter engines that will be g into post-war cars. The manufacturers withstanding, there appears to be a promise that thin a very few weeks after the end of the war s will be available that will travel faster and ther at less cost."

here are to be faster cars, then, after the and there are also to be more cars. Of e there are ; everybody takes it for granted. yet, I repeat, the prospect is one at which y sensible man shudders. For what is the solid advantage which the war has brought ? comparative disappearance of the private and the resultant disinfection of the roads. t the one solid reason for fearing the t of peace ? The return of the private to reinfect them. During the brief thing space that yet remains to us let try to set out, as briefly as I can, the ons why we should fight against the renewed t of our complaint.

irst, a declining population should seek to erve the lives of its citizens. Let us take average peace-time year — let it be 1938. the roads of England 6,596 were killed and 226,855 injured by cars. On the roads of America, 36,000 were killed, 105,000 were permanently disabled, 1,150,000 injured. In the twenty years between the end of the last war and the end of 1937 over 100,000 people were killed and over 3,000,000 people were injured on the roads of Great Britain, the latter figure being in excess of the British casualties in the last war. Of these it is estimated that more than 20,000 of the killed and 600,000 of the injured were children under fourteen years of age. Although the war has diminished the number of private cars, it has not diminished the number of injuries. For example, in the war year, 1941, 9,169 were killed on the roads of England and Wales, while Mr. Hore-Belisha recently revealed that in the year, 1942, the number of casualties on the roads of this country (147,544) exceeded by 2,000 the number of casualties in all the armed forces of the United Kingdom due to enemy action in the first two years of the war (145,012).

The first argument, then, is simply the argument for self-preservation. Strong in the past it will become stronger in the future. In England before the war it is estimated that 4.5 per cent. of the inhabitants owned cars. In U.S. the figure was 20.8 per cent. Grant prosperity after the war, grant Beveridge, grant leisure, and the 4.5 per cent. may become 10 per cent. or 20 per cent. or 40 per cent. or 50 per cent. . . .

This brings us to the second reason, the reason from self-stultification. Under the 4.5 per cent. régime, such was the press of cars that upon a summer Sunday in the South of England they passed on the average main road head to tail at the rate of one every three seconds ; the side roads were jammed with overflow motorists seeking to get away from the other motorists, while, when evening came, the journey on the ant-run from the coast to London took anything up to four hours, with the result that motorists, starting ever earlier to avoid the crush, found themselves leaving for home sometime in the middle of the afternoon. In the centres of our big towns where the advance of science had proceeded furthest and civilisation was to be seen in its fullest development, the pace of the motorist was already being reduced to that of the walker and cars could be seen in long queues, fuming and boiling with impatience, and snorting their demands for birth control in speechless indignation at the humiliating frustrations which over-population had forced upon them.

Let us suppose that in the world after the war all goes for the best. We have abolished war and, under some form of benevolent Socialism, all workers are guaranteed comfort and a competence in return for some three or four hours machine-minding a day. In twenty-five years' time our roads, unable to accommodate the inundation, will be covered by a solid and stationary mass of metal composed of cars stretching from John o' Groats to Land's End in a single inextricable jam. . . .

Thirdly, there are the disabilities of motoring for the motorist. From the many that offer themselves, I select two — atrophy of the limbs and desolation of the spirit. One of the main features of twentieth century civilisation is its tendency to delegate to machines the activities of human limbs and the performance of human functions. We live a press-the-button existence ; cranes and lifts do the work of arms ; preserving tins and cans usurp the art of the cook ; we no longer play or sing, we put a record on the gramophone ; we no longer practise the art of conversation, we turn on the radio. . . . Of all these substitutions of mechanised for human activity the motor car is the most insidious, for, to all intents and purposes, we have delegated to it the use of our legs. The motorist does not walk. He intends to walk, of course—at least, he intends to in the early stages of his complaint. How often have I heard my walking friends, blazing for the first time into the lustre and glory of a car, explaining that they intend to use it only to take them quickly to places from which good walking country is easily available. We shall, they have said, park the car and walk. That, they have intimidated, is the proper use to make of the car. The programme is admirable, but it is rarely carried out. There is a something about car-driving which inhibits the mood in which walking is thought desirable or found possible. After driving for an hour or so, one sinks into a coma in which one is incapable of walking, reading, thinking or pursuing any humane activity. When, presently, you descend stiffly from your car, all liver and no legs, you subside ignominiously into your motoring hotel for lunch or tea, only to surrender yourself once more to your mechanism when the meal is over. Thus you gradually lose the more extended uses of your legs.

Cars make for spiritual desolation because they isolate men from men. Drive out in the car and the betting is that you will hold no intercourse with your fellow men from journey's end to journey's end. The motorist sees, indeed he glares at, other motorists, but he does not speak to them. For tea he goes to a motoring hotel and sits ensconced in a corner with wife and family eating mass-produced cakes and synthetic jam and still not speaking to his fellow motorists. Presently he drives home again without having exchanged a sentence with any human being outside the family group except perhaps with waitress or garage hand. All the time he has been seeing people but never once has he spoken to them. Is it any wonder that men's spirits before the war were starved, and that they suffered from an accumulating fund of unexpended friendliness ?

Finally, there are two considerations which I hesitate to mention, not because they are not important but because they are difficult to state shortly and without embarrassment, since both are concerned with the soul.

The English country is, to my mind, the loveliest in the world ; but it is small and its beauty is in part man-made. These circumstances combine to make it peculiarly vulnerable to the vandalism of the time. Unplanned building sprawls over its face like a red rash, while the towns shoot out their tentacles of pink at such a rate that, if pre-war tendencies continue, southern England will in the next quarter of a century be neither town nor country, but a single continuous suburb, straggling formlessly from Watford to the south coast. Of these beauty-destroying agencies the private car is the instigator and abettor. It takes people into the country who, having no familiarity with country ways, do not know how to treat it themselves, while destroying it for those who do. Wherever a motor road runs, there spreads on each side an infected area from which the *genius loci* takes flight. Quiet is shattered and beauty disappears to give way to cheap shops, garages, petrol pumps, road-houses, shanties, barbed wire, dumps, Jacobethan residences and the many monuments of the men of metal and petrol. A whole way of life is uprooted and replaced by Brave New World.

If we believe that man derives benefit from contact with nature, that there is in all of us an instinctive need for country sights and sounds and for occasional solitude, then to restore the unrestricted enjoyment of the private car is to destroy for all time the conditions in which these goods can be made available to us and to cut the last of the roots which join men to the land from which they sprang and from which they are parted at their peril.

If cars destroy the good of natural beauty, they are also inimical to the good of human creativity, being the arch squanderers of the innate riches of the human soul. If these are to come to fruition, they demand tranquillity of mind, and stationariness of body—the remaining rooted in a place. Continuous movement is bad precisely because it inhibits thought and substitutes for the deeper experiences of our being a continuous series of small stimuli which ruffle the surface while leaving the depths untouched.

The pre-war world saw the maturity of a generation which, conceiving movement to be good in itself, considered that every place was better that the one in which it happened to be ("Let's go somewhere in the car") and would move heaven and earth to save five minutes without having the faintest idea what to do with them when it had saved them. This generation was the off-spring of the car. That it should have been singularly uncreative should occasion no surprise. Why does a tree grow taller and live longer than a man? Because it does not waste its energy in movement from one place to another that is no better. Bach, Shakespeare, Mozart, Plato and Dante were, by modern standards, almost stationary.

And so I come back to it—the disappearance of the private car is the one solid advantage that the war has brought. Oh, the pleasure of the solitary road, of the empty countryside, of the Honister Pass free of the stink of petrol and the palpitations of the combustion engine!

For all these reasons I would demand after the war the continued suspension of the private car. But since this may seem to some extreme, I will moderate my demand and be content with the continued rationing of petrol, so that men may take out their cars, but only so often and only so far.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE PISSARROS

When Lucien Pissarro paints a sure sense of composition governs the choice of *motif*; then the precise hand obeys the keen eye. Nothing tricky or slapdash or *chic* or merely approximate, but a deep feeling for nature expressed with impressive honesty. Always, therefore, one greets with pleasure in mixed shows of English painting works so French in their thoroughness and clarity. That M. Pissarro should choose to exhibit his pictures (at the Leicester Galleries) in the same room with his father is a sign not of conceit but of this same honesty. Knowing that his own stature cannot be compared with that of the great impressionist, he is ready to be paled by the neighbourhood of the major luminary. And if his pictures do seem pale by comparison, it is partly because his pointillism, though diluted, takes from the richness of the handling. The main contrast, however, is between great talent and great genius. Even in the delicious little pastels, Camille Pissarro shows himself one of the supreme masters; and the oil paintings reinvigorate one's faculty for admiration. How miraculously delicate the gradations of colour, how infallible the shape of each brush-stroke. No other of the great impressionists achieved in his pictures so large a circulation of air. These paintings are deeply classical, although the subjects may be Bedford Park or Norwood. Although? Rather should one say "because." For it is the characteristic of classicism that the beauty attained derives not from any pleasing association but from the intrinsic and self-sufficient excellence of the work. The longer one studies these pictures, the stronger one's satisfaction. The paintings of Orovida, M. Lucien Pissarro's daughter, are psychologically interesting. Deliberately deserting the family tradition, and even the family name, she has found her inspiration in Oriental art, with perhaps a glance at Gauguin. Also at the Leicester Galleries paintings by Lord Methuen. His refined taste is shown alike in his subjects—mostly English classical architecture, and in his technique, derived from Sickert.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Sadler's Wells Ballet at New Theatre

The revival last Tuesday of *The Wedding Bouquet* completed an usually satisfying evening of ballet. Whatever *The Gods Go A-Begging* might lack in pattern or purpose, there were Handel's music, the charm of pastoral, Alexis Rassine and Moira Shearer as the shepherd and his maid; it's only a pity, in this thinly appealing ballet, that the dresses and the lighting of the statues should be so ugly. Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet* followed. The terseness and excitement of this drama, more mime than ballet, grow with familiarity; the short-cuts still fascinate, Yorick playing catch with the skull, the Queen and Ophelia dissolving in a single image, the conflict of hot passions and lunar madness. Helpmann's own performance remains striking; and Margot Fonteyn, Nigel Desmond and Palma Nye catch the eye particularly in their old rôles. The revival of *The Wedding Bouquet* was rich in burlesque and prettiness, and Mr. Constant Lambert reciting the words from a box gave a brilliant new emphasis to the dottiness of Miss Stein's text. The music, costumes and decor devised by Lord Berners combine to enchant without going skin-deep, though we may remember the colours a little longer than the tunes. This is the gayest piece Sadler's Wells have given us since *Façade*.

"Sweet and Low," at the Ambassadors

Miss Gingold is unrivalled—more's the pity—in her new revue. She takes the words out of the critic's mouth, when, her voice choked with happiness, she sings "I do miss Hermione Baddeley." But even the most prejudiced partisan of the other Hermione must admit that Miss Gingold has never been better, for a note positively of restraint has wandered into her performance. Her Brunnhilde and her talk on removing stains are particularly brilliant. Moreover, in one sketch she reveals a considerable dramatic power. Perhaps we can yet hope to see her as Mrs. Alving. This revue excels its predecessors in general level of wit—and of malice. The authors, it is true, can rarely escape for long from the claimed circle of the profession. It is doubtful whether they read any newspaper except *The Era*. But the pleasantries about actors are as *rosses* as anything in a revue by Rip. The clothes are signally infelicitous, a demure riot of pale blue, nor are the tunes in any way less insipid. Mr. Crisham gives an agreeable sharpness to the show with his cute silhouette and his viperine gaiety. Also he gives a delicate performance in a feebly written sketch of an American soldier. The supporting cast is conspicuous chiefly for youth, but Mr. Bonar Colleano's acrobatic dancing is very promising. (Perhaps he is a relative of that consummate circus-artist, Con Colleano.) You will enjoy *Sweet and Low*, but don't take your foreign friends. They would feel lost at such a family party.

"The Russians," at the Playhouse
"The Moon is Down," at the Whitehall

The Russians is a play about war behind the lines on the Moscow front. It should really have been a film. "I began to write my play from the moment I went to the front," says the author, Konstantin Simonov, as though the typewriter, like the camera, had to register on the spot. The scene shifts from the German-occupied part of a town to the headquarters of an isolated Red unit, the house of the local quisling, the bank of a river; soldiers search a room where a woman is hiding on top of the stove; the river has to be crossed and recrossed under machine-gun fire; the isolated companies hold out; there is an attack accompanied by a diversion and the relieving forces march in. Much of the action, tending to be melodramatic, would gain by film treatment; the cinema has a technique, which the stage lacks, for combining character and violence. In the play the two rather fall apart. Simonov establishes his characters in the first two acts, but it takes him a long time and not enough use is made, dramatically, of the period of waiting; then events hurry towards a climax which makes the bowels of the Playhouse roar. The play is brilliantly directed by Tyrone Guthrie and acted by the Old Vic Company—Freda Jackson as a woman lorry driver, Michael Golden as a guerilla-leader, Russell Thorndike as a quisling, and Rosalind Fuller as a dauntless old woman, give admirable performances. *The Russians* isn't a satisfactory play, but its material is authentic and it kicks to the end, which is more than can be said of *The Moon Is Down*. This Steinbeck piece, a generalised picture of the invasion of Norway, was far more convincing as a novel. On the stage, it looks unreal in the extreme; the Nazis arrive in a state of mental breakdown, the Mayor holds firm, his wife wonders whether to give them wine, the upstart business-man has paved the way for the invaders, and months of occupation bring jitters and sabotage in the night. Lewis Casson gives a dignified performance in the rôle of the Mayor, but the whole production goes at a snail's pace. Unlike *The Russians*, this play has no genuine background, and anyone who thinks of visiting the Whitehall would do better to stay at home and read the account of invasion in *The Mountains Wait*.

"Flight for Freedom," at the Carlton
"China," at the Plaza

Flight for Freedom is Rosalind Russell's film, to a slightly lesser degree the director's (Lo Mendes). The sensational story of the wo champion woman flyer and of a plot to discover defences of Japan's mandated territories is r above the ordinary by Miss Russell's presence was never more insistently charming) and the crisp of the photography. The film starts with documen glimpses of an aircraft carrier going into action ends on the same note; and although the packed in between is Hollywood fiction, it is Ho wood at its best. Fred MacMurray, in an insuffer role as an air ace, appears more winning than us and Herbert Marshall is a devoted figure outside range of the heroics.

China was Alan Ladd's last film before he got the draft. Just as well, perhaps, for this brillia promising figure has been allowed to deterio badly since the days of *The Glass Key*. His last wasn't much of it, and *China* is dreadful. The L begins as a tough guy selling oil to the Japan but then a woman comes into his life (Loretta You and he begins to like the Chinese, and then he comes proud of being an American citizen. . This amalgam of slop and sadism is meant prob as a tribute to China.

THE PARDONER'S TALE

I

Since the bare bone, and since
the glistening sinew, press
naked together, wince
at mutual nakedness
—— for flesh and skin but gloss
the rails they're stretched across:

men must conceal their love
with glamour about the bone,
prank and patch and glove
that sensual skeleton,
till only their desires,
and not themselves, are liars.

II

So the desire that cannot live
is given features and a voice;
that echo from the beds of love
answers anarchy with vice
—— an outward ecstasy compressed
in the unwilling masochist.

Then what remains to lose or vaunt
—— beauty, wit, or words of skill?
What angel amnesties prevent
the scraping death around the skull?
Then what creation stripped of fear
hungering turns conqueror?

III

So I was driven forth
out of my discontent:
by narrow paths I went
homewards and into death.

I journeyed night and day,
sunrise to moon's set;
but never once I met
a fellow on the way.

Till at my mother's gate
I paused, and heard the mouse
cry kingship of the house
— and knew I was too late.

TERENCE TILLE

Correspondence

THE S's OF DORTMUND

SIR,—Believing, as I do, that post-war Germ must be governed and re-educated by what is c monly called the "decent" part of her populat the question arises as to what constitutes a de man. Does courtesy towards a tourist and friends with an individual Jew give sufficient evidence?

I do not agree with W.G.B. that the record of S family is a clean one. For one thing, why did stay in Nazi Germany? Admittedly, no large portion of the decent Germans could have emigr but individually they could, and in fact did, emig (I am not, of course, referring to the Jews.)

individual German was free to chose between his property, his job, his beer-cellar and Hitler on the one side and the hard, but honourable life of a penniless refugee on the other. Father S chose property and Hitler. Further, it does not appear that the S parents, devoted Christians, did anything to save the soul of their son. Assuming even that a certain degree of outward conformity was necessary to save his body, it would have been all the more vital to protect his spiritual life from the moral degradation of the Hitler Youth. Since nothing was done, young S may not only have become a frozen corpse in Russia, he may also have become one of the butchers of Lidice. Young S, too, exercised a deliberate choice, for during the three and a-half years which the war has lasted he is bound to have had opportunities to desert, of which he did not avail himself. Presumably, he considered such action as dishonourable. He rather fights for Fascism. Lastly, I would think more of father S if W.G.B. did not assure us that he was working hard. The work, of course, can only be as part of the German war effort.

If W.G.B. and the many British tourists, who returned from Germany with similar experiences and similar impressions, want to remain friends with their German hosts, let them. What I object to is to let Germany be governed and educated by men and women of the S type. They were prominent in the early days of the Weimar republic, but never had either the intention or the guts to terminate the Prussian tradition for good.

In conclusion, I wish to make two suggestions which should go some way towards placing Germany into the right hands. The first is that for a period of, say, 20-30 years, members of the Nazi party and its subsidiary organisations should remain disfranchised. Secondly, during the same period public office and, in particular, teaching appointments, should only be filled by persons who have been to a concentration camp or can otherwise give positive evidence of having opposed Fascism. H. G.

Sir,—I don't think I'm a Vansittartist; but it's articles like W.G.B.'s that make me doubtful. How can one repose any faith in this muddle-headed sentimentality? Let us be sorry for the bombed German civilians; but let us not forget our own, surely more innocent, slaughtered.

W.G.B. tells us his friends, the S family, loathed Hitler, were afraid of their son having to be in the Hitler Youth, but "could do nothing about it" except live "quietly and inoffensively."

Is it "inoffensive" to tolerate without protest a regime which is plainly heading for aggressive war? Or, if that were not plain to the S's of Germany, they had at least before 1937 acquiesced in the most brutal persecution of the Jews.

Would we as a people have tolerated such behaviour in our rulers? And isn't it just the "inoffensiveness" of hundreds of thousands of German families that makes Germany a problem not to be left to the W.G.B.s? Reginald Gray

HUMANITARIAN BIAS

Sir,—A short time ago it was announced in the course of a B.B.C. news bulletin that bombs dropped on a Dutch factory had time fuses set, in order to give the personnel time to escape. It is a measure of our thickening skins that this humanitarian tactic passed, so far as I am aware, without comment. I wish to record a plea for the extended use of this device. Opinions may differ as to the advisability of killing as many Germans as possible, but as regards our would-be but can't-be allies surely no one wishes these any avoidable portion of pain or death? Much capital has already been made in contrasting our precision bombing with the indiscriminate methods of the enemy. And as the Allies are fighting for a more humanitarian system I cannot see how any general objection could be made to the wider use of "humanised" bombs.

Three particular objections can be foreseen. First, it may be said that if delayed-action bombs are generally used on targets likely to involve civilian casualties enemy bomb disposal squads will remove, in a large number of cases, either the fuse or the bomb. It should not be beyond our technicians' ability to devise an irremovable fuse, set for a time sufficiently short, say five or ten minutes, to allow no time for removing the bomb bodily. Secondly, it may be held that the results of the bombing could not be observed. This, in any case, is largely dependent upon post-raid reconnaissance; in fact, the absence of "great palls of smoke" should render the task of later bomber arrivals easier. Thirdly, it may be said that the effect of bombing on enemy morale, were such bombs to be used, for example, on Germany itself, would be lost. In fact their effect would be to set crowds rushing all over the place during a raid, creating considerable confusion, instead of quietly vanishing into pulp.

That there is no hope of avoiding bombing in general, or of finding any Wellsian "gas of peace" should not, I think, deter us from attempting to inject a humanitarian bias into our operations whenever the opportunity occurs. The argument is unavoidably technical, and I possess no special knowledge on this subject, but the technicians and operatives concerned are not likely to trouble about such possibilities unless some pressure of public opinion is brought to bear.

Amersham. John D. Spooner

HALDANE SOCIETY

Sir,—I beg to offer you the following item of news, trusting that it may be of interest to your readers:

This Society has altered its rules so as to admit to membership solicitors' managing clerks and persons substantially doing the work of managing clerks. Hitherto membership has been confined to barristers, solicitors, articled clerks, bar students, and refugee lawyers. The Society takes the view that as the only progressive organisation of lawyers, it should include persons who, though unqualified, have great knowledge and experience of the law which can enrich the Society, and that reasons which formerly obtained for confining membership to qualified persons and students are now obsolete.

The other qualifications for membership and associate membership respectively are membership of the Labour Party and general sympathy with the Society and its objects. Stephen Murray,

4 Paper Buildings, *Hon. Secretary*
Temple, E.C.4.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Sir,—Mr. Hamil Westwood writes of the future of private schools as raising "the whole question of whether we are to have any freedom of choice in educating our children or whether they are to be taught just what the controlling Government of the day approves, whatever that Government happens to be —Communist, Fascist, Socialist, or what not." When a reader of a progressive journal can compress so much confusion into so few lines, I can't help wondering what hope there is of any general clarity of thought about the problems of education.

(1) Who are WE? Not more than about 5 per cent. of the population of Great Britain exercise, or have ever exercised, freedom of choice in education. The survival or non-survival of private schools therefore makes very little difference.

(2) It is not clear whether "freedom of choice" means freedom to choose from a variety of schools or from a variety of curricula. If the former is meant, it is a freedom which, as I have said, has never existed for most people; if the latter, it is one which exists no more in private than in state schools. In other words, it is quite as difficult to find an independent school as to find a state school whose teaching the Government would disapprove of.

(3) No British Government has so far "happened to be" Fascist or Communist. But if a future Government should happen to be either, private control of schools will not secure immunity from interference. Was private control a guarantee of immunity in Germany when the Nazis came to power?

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JONATHAN CAPE

(4) If on the other hand future British Governments are—as they have been in the past—" Socialist, or what not " (especially " what not "), the degree of freedom from interference is likely to remain much as it has been in the recent past. British education is comparatively free from direct government interference: this is partly because it is so largely administered by local authorities, whose political complexion often differs from that of the Government. For instance, schools under a Socialist L.C.C. and a National (or " what not ") Government exercise considerable freedom in what they teach. Not that there is never any interference. But in the 10 years in which I have taught in state schools I have not met one teacher whose work has been affected by outside interference. When I read subversive plays by Ibsen and Galsworthy and used passages by Pritt in an L.C.C. school, nobody objected. Nobody would have objected if I had chosen Kipling and Lord Elton.

(5) I don't deny that there is plenty of tendentious teaching; but this is due more to the teachers than to the authorities. It has nothing whatever to do with whether the schools are privately or publicly administered. Which teaching, during the past 20 years, does Mr. Westwood suppose has been nearer in spirit to what the Government approved—that of the publicly controlled state schools or that of the independent public schools? Is Empire Day propaganda and tendentious history confined to state schools?

(6) In short, more cant is talked about state schools by the defenders of progressive schools than would have been thought possible among people who in everything except education support socialism; more " pioneering " goes on in state schools than they can possibly imagine; and more would be done for the cause of national education if progressive people took an interest in bettering the state system, under which the great majority are educated, instead of wasting their energy in defending imaginary freedoms against illusory bogies.

J. M. REEVES

SIR,—After Mr. Hamil Westwood's timely warning, perhaps a further word may be allowed to the experimental schools. These schools, few in number and small in size, have nevertheless proved themselves invaluable as educational laboratories, as testing-grounds of all sorts of new ideas which later become accepted in common practice. An enlightened central government would acknowledge the usefulness of their function and give them a recognised if obscure place (they ask no more) on the fringes of the general system. An experimental school which is doing its job ought always to be fifty years ahead of its time. There can be no question of a majority of parents ever wishing to send their children to such dangerously progressive places, and there seems little reason therefore why the State should not meet the cost of sending some workers' children to these schools if their parents so desired, instead of the school accepting them at its own charge as now happens.

The forthcoming education measure will probably require us all, good, bad and indifferent, to have a licence and to be inspected. We desire nothing better. It is perhaps too early to hope that any attempt will be made to distinguish the sheep from the goats to the advantage of the former, so a number of us have been ruminating constructive independent activity. In the absence of government subsidies, and faced with a possible decline in the middle-class incomes which are our financial mainstay, we shall have to support ourselves in a more or less indifferent world even while we educate our own and other people's children. The obvious solution would seem to be the formation of co-operative communities, engaging in agriculture, crafts and home industries, paying their individual members token salaries and using any surplus of income over expenditure to further their educational, social and spiritual ends. This plan has already been clarified and adopted as the set policy of the community from which I write, and we hope that the idea may commend itself to others of a like mind. There ought to be plenty of large country houses after the war whose owners would be glad to let them for such a purpose.

Long Dene School, JOHN GUINNESS
Slough.

WHO PINCHES "THE NEW STATESMAN"?

SIR,—Missing the accustomed presence of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from the Reading Room at the Guildhall, I inquired, to be told the shocking news that someone is in the habit of pinching it, and that it is kept inside under custody to prevent this. When I had recovered from the shock of imagining that anyone in Cambridge could do such a thing I asked if there was any other way of preventing it being pinched except by preventing the rest of us reading it, and learned that there was not. I can, however, imagine an effective remedy. It is that everyone who knows THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should, when they see a copy anywhere, think of the Last Judgment, assume an air of great severity and demand of its possessor in the lowest possible register, " Where did you get that STATESMAN? " The thief, if there is one, will soon become completely demoralised. He should reflect that if he values THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION he is defeating his own object in preventing it being read. I suspect, however, that the real culprit is Colonel Blimp who, though in hiding since the outbreak of war, is known to harbour a bitter grudge against the political Left because its members have shown themselves as patriotic as he. Blimp, in fact, probably destroys it. Beware, Blimp, you have been warned, you will soon be taped if you do not mend your ways. Finally, cannot the Library Committee see that under show of rescuing us from one evil they are inflicting upon us the very same. Candidly, it makes no difference to me whether it is the thief, or Blimp, or the Library Committee which prevents me reading THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

HERBERT BREWER

Cambridge.

BUILT-IN SHELVES

SIR,—The Archbishop of Canterbury has made a housing suggestion which I would venture to pass on for the consideration of the many members of local authorities who are readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

In an address to my Council, Dr. William Temple urged the provision in all new houses of built-in bookshelves. It will not be necessary to give rows of figures to indicate how colossal must be the number of books now awaiting shelf room; nor need one decry the pictures, the dogs, the wireless or any other form of mass amusement to suggest that the astonishing increase in reading is one of the hopeful facts of these days.

The reader is an individualist, and, as Mr. Churchill has said, " Books in all their variety offer the means whereby civilisation may be carried triumphantly forward "—an argument which the Nazis once clinched by making a bonfire of all the books of which they were afraid.

I would therefore appeal to members of local authorities to see to it that built-in bookshelves are a feature of their new houses. The cost would be negligible; the gain cannot be measured.

National Book Council, MAURICE MARSTON,
3 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Secretary

BLACK REDSTART

SIR,—The black redstart, to which Critic referred some time ago and which is the subject of Y.Y.'s article in this week's issue, was first noticed in the spring of 1939, when it was suggested in the *Times* that it was attracted to Central London by the then newly erected Tower of the University of London's Senate House. It has been a regular visitor to Bloomsbury ever since, proclaiming itself by its sweet little song but being most difficult to observe.

DOROTHY GALTON,
University of London. *Secretary*

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Current Literature

PRIME MINISTERS

The Unrelenting Struggle. War Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Compiled by CHARLES EADE. *Cassell. 12s. 6d.*

England is Here. Selected Speeches and Writings of the Prime Ministers of England, 1721–1943. Edited by W. L. HANCHANT. *Lane. 10s. 6d.*

As startling as the persistence of some national traits is the transience of others. During the sixteenth century, our glum and tongue-tied race was one of the most talkative and euphuistic—and enjoyed, incidentally, the reputation of being the most musical—in the whole of Europe. During the seventeenth, it was distinguished by its aptitude for religious controversy: in the eighteenth, it developed a splendid tradition of public eloquence and conducted its affairs in the Ciceronian grand manner. A country gentleman who sat in the House of Commons between 1780 and 1800 might have listened to Pitt on the Slave Trade, Burke and Fox on the French Revolution, Sheridan in Westminster Hall delivering his incomparable summing-up at the trial of Warren Hastings: his son might have heard Curran and O'Connell, Canning, Peel and Palmerston; and this is to select only the more triumphant names of the two succeeding periods. The decay of the grand manner since that time may be attributed to several obvious causes. Oratory is an aristocratic or a revolutionary art. In an era of middle-class rule it is naturally suspect; for eloquence either is an appeal to those violent emotions of which a bourgeois government is always least appreciative, or savours of the dandyism and dignity of an aristocratic age. Moreover, with the decay of classical education, both the necessary standards of comparison and the spirit of studious rivalry, that induced statesmen of happier periods to round their sentences and make effective play with Virgilian and Horatian tags, have largely disappeared. Few of the speeches in Mr. Hanchant's anthology, *England is Here*, delivered after 1900, have much to recommend them; some, like those of Ramsay MacDonald, are frankly lamentable. It remained for Winston Churchill to show that, during an extraordinarily critical period of our history, an English statesman could afford to key his style to the tragic magnitude of the events he was describing, and that as a nation we shall respond to the sonorous and resounding phrase.

Not all Mr. Churchill's flights, however, seem equally deserving of resuscitation. Some of his more highly coloured passages, it must be admitted, strike one on re-reading as already slightly shop-worn. At the time there is no doubt that they served their purpose, by administering the rhetorical *piqure* that enabled a confused and groggy patient to put out the extra spasm of energy that dragged him through the crisis. We are indebted to them for the effect they exercised: it would be unfair to pick them from the great mass of his speeches for special commendation. There are moments when Mr. Churchill's oratory in this vein suggests the type of "fine writing" that we associate, say, with the prose style of the late John Buchan: the choice of epithets has a faint flavour of the sham-antique: the attempt to combine simplicity and sublimity, an air of virile directness and dramatic intensity, is perhaps rather too deliberate. In oratory, as in the other arts, our judgment must rely to a very large extent on instinct; and instinct—it maybe, of course, a dilettante prejudice—warns one reader at least against the dying fall with which Mr. Churchill is apt to conclude his pronouncements on momentous national occasions. But to his oratory as a whole, to the main bulk of his speeches, delivered over a period of several months, the same captious criticisms do not apply. A good writer is a writer who convinces us not only of the strong and definite feelings with which his subject-matter has inspired him, but of his grasp of that subject at any given juncture. He must be "on top of" his material, its master and not its servant. And this is an impression that Mr. Churchill's oratory rarely fails to convey. *The Unrelenting Struggle* is a collection of his speeches between November, 1940, and December, 1941. There are seventy-two of them in all; and running through every one we feel an unbounded self-confidence (which as a politician must be numbered among the Prime Minister's most remarkable assets) and the complete adequacy of the speaker to the theme that he is handling. Mr. Churchill may be more high-flown than Sir Robert Walpole, less Olympian in stature than the elder Pitt; but he shares that imperturbable assurance in his own capacity which enabled Pitt and Walpole to dominate the House of Commons. From a literary point of view, the advantages of this attitude are everywhere apparent. Mr. Churchill has a gift of lucid exposition and skilful condensation which no writer of the present day can cease to envy him. He takes a complex assemblage of facts and, never quite dismounting from his high horse (bred in the Blenheim stables), but managing his formidable charger with a sort of easy informality, rounds them up into the compass of five or ten thousand words. The result is a comprehensive and moving picture, lacking, it is true, in some of the finer shades, but drawn with a breadth of treatment which reminds us that the statesman and orator is also an historian. Mr. Churchill's view of history is that of a romantic and an individualist. Tempering the grasp of affairs and the command of detail is a conviction of the supremely romantic role that, as War Minister in the greatest and strangest of European conflicts, he has himself been called upon to play.

To *The Unrelenting Struggle*, Mr. Hanchant's anthology makes a good companion-piece. Very wisely, the editor has reduced his commentary to a minimum. Here thirty-eight Prime Ministers of England from 1721 to 1943 speak for themselves and, more or less vividly, design their self-portraits. Both oratory and other forms of composition are included. Some ministers—for example, Addington and Perceval—are as effaced and as uninteresting as one might expect. Others emerge in sharp and impressive outline. Thus Walpole's attack on the new-fangled Patriots has a nobly truculent ring.

> Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism. A venerable word, when duly practised. But I am sorry to say that of late it has been so much hackneyed about that it is in danger of falling into disgrace. . . . A patriot, sir? Why! patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot.

Bute's unctuous letters to the future George III are sufficient condemnation of that singularly unprepossessing statesman. Melbourne on the middle-class breathes like a sigh from the lost world of aristocratic Whiggery.

> The middle classes are bad; in the higher and lower classes there's some good, but the middle classes are all affectation and conceit and pretence and concealment,

and elsewhere:

> The worst of the present day is that men hate one another so damnably. For my part I love them all.

while Gladstone on St. Paul's—an extract from his diary, dated March 20th, 1841—reveals to us the first onset of that wave of sanctimonious vulgarity which Matthew Arnold saw sweeping up to engulf the Victorian universe.

PETER QUENNELL

THE ANGLO-IRISH FRAME

Seven Winters: Memories of a Dublin Childhood. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Dublin: The Cuala Press.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, and *Longmans, Green.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Readers of *Bowen's Court* will recall that the early years of Miss Bowen's life fell into two halves: summer in the family house in Co. Cork, winter in Dublin. The pluralism, uncommon in Ireland, is explained by her father's calling: from the house in Herbert Place overlooking the Dublin Canal he could exercise his profession as a barrister. Towards the end of her solid and admirable family chronicle Miss Bowen sketched in the summer half of her early memories; in this small pendant she describes, with loving deliberation, the intervening Dublin winters.

Although the season accounts in part for a festive amenable air in the little book, one is nevertheless surprised by the contentment, the almost tough normality of this childhood. An only child whose parents were compelled, after her father's nervous breakdown, to spend years unwillingly apart, she has become a novelist excelling in fine shades, subtle degrees of tension, precise reactions to this street or that room. Opening *Seven Winters*, then, one is prepared for a childhood of loneliness or fantasy, perhaps even of tempest and misunderstanding. Much must be allowed for the strength of the Anglo-Irish tradition which deplores temperament. In that tradition the great virtue is to be "natural," the great social vices are "affectation" and "conceit." (One of these words always crops up when a stranger leaves an Anglo-Irish room: the English, poor things, are seldom "natural.") Company was always available, gatherings abounded; in the palmy days of the ascendancy even the only child was well in the social whirl. "In the Anglo-Irish children of my time," writes Miss Bowen, "shyness was regarded as a deformity. A mother whose child could not face a party blushed."

We see the social life of the well-to-do Dublin child as though through the liquid black eyes of the little girl in Renoir's *Première Sortie*; and the interiors which are revealed have themselves the cosy, coloured warmth of a Vuillard:

> Even houses I knew well became, on these occasions, unfamiliar and heatedly large and light. The front door opened upon the roar of coal fires burning in every festive room. One met *portières* looped back, white paint dazzling in gaslight that poured through crimped pink glass shades, flowers banked up out of harm's way, fur rugs expectantly rolled back and big chintz sofas in retreat against the walls.
>
> Ladies with silver dishes and cups of tea inclined their busts between the backs of our chairs. . . .
>
> Little girls go in groups to show each other their lockets; little boys study their own feet. But the self is dissolved. You see children looking shyly into the mirrors to convince themselves of their own reality.

I have quoted that for its evocative richness and colour. And now I must quote again, for accuracy and acuteness, two comments on a subject always alive in Ireland—religion. First, of a Protestant service, "there was an honourable frankness in the tone in which we rolled out the General Confession"; every Anglo-Irish child remembers that noise, several decibels louder than its English counterpart. The attitude to Roman Catholicism is no less acutely noted: "I remember, even, an almost sexual shyness on the subject of Roman Catholics. I walked with hurried step and averted cheek past porticos of churches that were 'not ours,' uncomfortably registering in my nostrils the pungent, unlikely smell that came round curtains, through swinging doors." Yes, yes, my memory assents: we did truly imagine a Catholic church as a sort of religious *bagnio*.

Miss Bowen's parents were not at all highbrow; the Gaiety, not the Abbey, was their theatre. At the same time, this studious barrister and his graceful, pensive wife were far from typical of the landed gentry; their child was shielded from the worst feature of Irish country life, its exclusive and really crass hippomania. Had it been otherwise, I hardly think her memories would have shown such contentment; as it is, she is a striking instance of the value to an artist of growing up within an established frame of things. The frame satisfies, even if resented, that grand aesthetic passion—the sense of order; accepted and approved, its mere existence provides in the artist's career shape, focus, a point of reference. One thinks of the debt owed by the nineteenth-century novelists and painters of France to the solid, inequitable bourgeois background against which they lived their lives. One thinks of Henry James turning from the frameless probity (for thus, astonishingly, he saw it) of his America towards the established duplicities of the European order. Artists unfortunate enough to grow up in a transitional age or milieu are to be pitied. The weaker among them salute in empty manifestoes a new order of which they can make aesthetically nothing, the imagination being incapable of digesting a blue print; the stronger create, painfully, a personal frame—sometimes a whole series of frames—for their art. Thus Yeats, born into a limbo between scepticism and faith, between the ascendancy and Eire, spent much of his strength in the spinning of protective cocoons: those variegated fantasies of noble birth, Celtic dusk, Rosicrucian farrago and mystical fascism.

In *Bowen's Court* and *Seven Winters* Miss Bowen has handsomely paid the debt she owes to her strong, serviceable Anglo-Irish frame. Piety no doubt led her to offer the latter charming morsel first to the Cuala Press of Dublin for inclusion in their series of limited and costly first editions. Me no piety shall restrain from saying that the arty provincial format, with its unsatisfactory marginal proportions and stick-on-the-back title that always peels off, is far less comely than the " utility " English edition published at a quarter the price. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

GERMAN INCERTITUDES

What About Germany ? By LOUIS P. LOCHNER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Lochner, for fourteen years chief of the Associated Press in Berlin, has one distinct advantage over his American colleagues and predecessors who have previously recorded their German experiences: he has lived through the last ten years of the Weimar Republic. This advantage gives him the opportunity of seeing more of the hitherto almost enigmatical growth of the Nazi regime. For even fascist regimes show distinct stages of change and evolution, though the history of this continued process, particularly with regard to its sociological structure, has until now hardly been touched upon. Mr. Lochner lived long enough in Germany to make friends who enabled him, once Hitler had come to power, to see more than the *façade* of Hitlerite Germany which deceived so many foreign visitors and diplomats. This fact gives the book its importance though it is perhaps less brilliant than Howard Smith's *Last Train from Berlin*, or Shirer's *Berlin Diary*.

If you had friends in the camp of the opposition you would soon discover that State secrets do not exist within a fascist dictatorship. They are willingly communicated. Consequently I do not doubt the historic authenticity of Hitler's speech to his Supreme Commanders and Commanding Generals of August 22nd, 1939. The opening passages of this speech are significant enough to be quoted here:—" My decision to attack Poland was arrived at last spring. Originally I feared that the political constellation would compel me to strike simultaneously at England, Russia, France, and Poland. Even this risk would have had to be taken.

Ever since the autumn of 1938, and because I realised that Japan would not join us unconditionally, and that Mussolini is threatened by that nit-wit of a king and the treasonable scoundrel of a crown-prince, I decided to go with Stalin. . . Our strength consists in our speed and in our brutality. . . ."

Perhaps the most important chapter of Mr. Lochner's book is the one in which he attempts to answer the much discussed question—" Is there another Germany ? " His answer, based on twenty years of daily and intimate experience, is " emphatically yes, there is another Germany. It is a Germany which is submerged and inarticulate at present because every possibility of public utterance has been taken from it. It is a Germany which prays for deliverance from the Nazi yoke as fervently as any member of the United Nations can pray for the end of Hitler and his system. It is a Germany which still cherishes the normal, civilised ideals of equal and humane justice for all; of honesty and truthfulness in human relations; of sympathy for the oppressed, the weak, and the infirm. It is a Germany which is ashamed and humiliated at the disgrace into which Nazism has dragged the German name." Naturally enough Mr. Lochner must camouflage the proofs for this thesis very carefully, but it would seem that his judgment is as weighty as that of those whose experience of Nazi Germany was confined to an occasional talk with Herr von Ribbentrop or with the Führer himself. GEORG TROELTSCH

A FRIAR IN ARAKAN

The Land of the Great Image. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber and Faber.* 16s.

It is a delight to the war-time eye, this book; such smooth paper, such pretty print. The illustrations are copies of Dutch engravings contemporary with the subject, and their careful detail, especially in those from Linschoten's *Voyages*, is just in the spirit of the story. For Mr. Collis, who has used as his master-source the memoirs of Friar Sebastião Manrique, an Augustinian who visited Arakan in 1630, has employed also other accounts, European and Arakanese. The whole is like a finely woven rug, giving a general impression of quiet harmony, till one looks closely and finds a vast number of flowers and beasts stylised into the pattern.

At first, the reader wonders why there is such an elaborate description of Portuguese Goa, then he begins to suppose that the author could not resist depicting this strange Oriental Renaissance city, its lavish life of luxury and vice overshadowed by an all-powerful Church. The heroic mission of St. Francis Xavier, and the crude hagiology of the adoration of his relics, are added to a first-hand account of a French victim of the Inquisition who managed to survive its imprisonment without going mad. The Auto da Fe of this part, told in detail by one of its participants, must be regarded as a scoop for any editor. But presently it grows clear that all this is the background to the career of Friar Manrique; it is deliberately done, the building up of the setting in which we can picture the presence of a priest in a body of Portuguese sailor-mercenaries serving the king of Arakan, and employed to guard the sea approaches from the advancing Moguls, and to raid slaves.

Friar Manrique accepted his cure in a matter-of-fact way. He made no attempt to reform the morals of the infamous community of Dianga, nor did he object to the brutality of the slave-raiding which had literally depopulated much of the Ganges Delta. His concern was to see that the Portuguese performed their religious duties, and to try to convert the slaves to the faith of the men who captured, tortured and outraged them. When the Portuguese were accused of treachery, and the king was disposed to liquidate them, Friar Manrique was sent to the capital, Mrauk-u, to plead their cause. This is the real heart of the tale, and it provides a pleasing mixture of a thriller, a lesson in diplomacy, and a study of comparative religion. The crossing of the mountain jungle in monsoon weather has a familiar horror to us whose soldiers are now fighting in the steaming Arakan ravines. But it is now that the virtues of the religious discipline appear in the Friar: he is perfectly brave and resolute, and before the king polite, skilful, and patient. His sojourn is used to compare the Catholic with the Buddhist faiths, and shifts to concentrate upon the dream of the king that he may be the predestined redeemer who is to establish dominion over Asia and peace upon earth. He is inspired by the possession of two supreme symbols, the Great Image of Buddha, believed to be a contemporary portrait achieved by miraculous agency, and the White Elephant captured from Burma. The tolerance extended by the king to Manrique would, of course, have been unthinkable to the Friar, as would also his distraught Messianic ambition. Yet the two faiths were near, in their superstitious practices (Mr. Collis compares the reverence for the mummy of St. Francis Xavier with that paid to the Tooth of Buddha)—and in their highest intuitions.

The author is no mere producer of manuscripts. He comments them, soberly, with an occasional dry irony and with certainty on his own values. That he writes very well may be concluded from this extract, from the story of a noble Buddhist monk who risked his life to convey the Friar to a convict settlement of Christians, who were pining for the consolations of religion.

> Three days after his arrival, as soon as he could stand, Manrique celebrated the Mass in a hut in Gomez's compound before a rough altar on which there was a wooden cross. The whole family attended, the wife, four sons and a daughter, a widowed sister-in-law with her children, eleven persons, who all knelt before the altar and kissed the ground, murmuring a Latin prayer which Gomez had taught them. . . . Gomez's confession and marriage followed. The old mother-in-law lived in the house. She was a Buddhist, had always resisted the attempts by her son-in-law to wean her from that faith. She had, however, no antipathy to Christianity, and found Manrique an interesting distraction. As a priest he had her respect, and during the days that followed she often came to his room with a present of eggs and fruit. He took what was curiosity and the desire for a chat to be an inclination for the true faith, and began to urge her to " abandon the false tenets of her sect." Further misled by the old woman's polite nods and smiles he thought he was going to convert her. But when he pressed the point and asked her direct questions, she answered very vaguely. . . . When Manrique called at her house one day, and with her daughter's help, made a strong effort to bring her round, declaring how the devil kept her deceived and blinded, she described cheerfully how that very night a vision had been vouchsafed to her, how she had seen the Buddha smile and promise her Paradise. " I am seventy-two years of age and near my end," she declared, and suddenly throwing off her half-complaisance, desired that he trouble himself about her no more.

Thus Mr. Collis finally sums up the character of the Friar, attributing to him many virtues, but adding,

> He was a bigot. Now to be a bigot, whether religious, political, in the arts, in the sciences, in any activity, is a sin against the intellect, a degradation of the mind, a crime that leads to other crimes, a wickedness that brings its own punishment. Examples of Manrique's bigotry are scattered through this narrative. It clouded his intellect when he had to do with Buddhism and made him appear more stupid than he really was, made him ridiculous, robbed him of dignity . . . . It led him to excuse the slave-raids made by the mercenaries of Dianga . . . arguing falsely that any excess was justified against the followers of Mohammed.

He waits to the end to state this opinion, but implies it throughout. He conducts us through a curious corner of history, past strange symbols of man's mind and heart, but never in the spirit of those to whom human behaviour is merely an object of indifferent curiosity. His sense of moral conflict is indeed what makes him, in his cool way, an excellent story-teller.

FREDA WHITE

THE NOVEL AS HISTORY

The Economic Novel in America. By WALTER FULLER TAYLOR. *Humphrey Milford, for the University of N. Carolina Press.* 24s.

One of the major tragedies in the development of American civilisation is the fading of that golden spring which gave us Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Melville, into the tawdry vulgarity of the period from the Civil War to the emergence of the Progressive Movement. Apart from Whitman and Mark Twain, there is no major figure in the period; and few things are more pathetic than Mark Twain's grim effort of almost half a century not to be himself. Now comes Mr. Taylor to tell us that what we have all regarded as a tragedy was not in fact a tragedy at all. He seems to have read every novel with an economic theme from the Civil War to the death of Frank Norris, and his conclusion is that the " gilded age " was known by most of its serious observers for the shoddy thing that it was. For him, in fact, the importance of the period we have been taught to regard as a tragedy is that it achieved the formulation of the principles which made possible the resurgence of a vitally critical literature after the close of the Great War.

For all his learning, which is immense, I do not think Mr. Taylor makes out his case. He is able to show that a considerable number of novelists in his period were appalled at the stridency of the new rich whom the Civil War made possible, or dismayed at the fading of the great springtime from the Thirties to the Sixties. But his "lesser novelists" are mostly men and women whose voices are very faintly heard; and when they touch the core of their theme, the conflict between capital and labour, they are overawed by that genteel tradition which regarded the trade union organiser who wanted to fight for his men as, on the whole, a sub-human species. When he has said his say, the profound unhappiness of Mark Twain in his conformity remains, quite simply, profound unhappiness. He is able to make out a convincing case for the profound effect of Henry George on Hamlin Garland; but the important fact that emerges is that, so long as Hamlin Garland is seeking to swim against the stream of the new wealth, he is a failure. It is only as an old man, in his Autobiography, when the price of that new wealth has been in some degree estimated, that Garland becomes more than a popular novelist attracted by the very claims his early insight condemned. Mr. Taylor writes with enthusiasm of Edward Bellamy; but the real point, surely, in *Looking Backward* is its pathetic assumption that the life of a comfortable New Englander in 1888 is the divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves. He writes, too, with warmth and enthusiasm of William Dean Howells; but there is little in his discussion of Howells' lifelong evasion of the problems of power or of the degree to which he gave up to Beacon Hill and its claims the sad indignation he would express in letter or in talk. He sees that Frank Norris has something akin to a Fascist pleasure in the sheer dynamic of power; and the truth probably is that it is Mr. Taylor's generation rather than that of Frank Norris which insists upon the ugliness of power.

The thirty years after the Civil War, in short, were in America a grim and ugly period. Most of the Presidents were second-rate men; the politicians who were powerful, like Conkling and J. G. Blaine, were hardly more than the agents of big business. That the epoch was a real tragedy is shown by nothing so much as the three remarkable sons of Charles Francis Adams; and the two who wrote their autobiographies make us grateful that we did not know the men who rose to success. All that Mr. Taylor really proves is that in this painful generation, there were men and women who whispered that its characteristics somehow failed to square with the promise of American life. Few of them spoke out loudly what was in their minds; and those who did have the courage to protest, like Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, have had to wait for our own time for the recognition that was their due. Mr. Taylor had a great chance of showing that the use to which the victory of the North was put destroyed for a whole continent the hope it had aroused. By showing only that the challenge of a great age was faintly echoed by its mean successor he has established the continuity of history; but he has done so at the expense of the proportions which would have given significance to his tale.

HAROLD J. LASKI

SOCIOLOGY IN THE GRAND MANNER

Diagnosis of Our Time. By KARL MANNHEIM. *Kagan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

This book consists of a series of essays written, with one exception, in wartime and read as Papers at Conferences and discussions held during the last two years. The Papers represent what is described by the author as an attempt "to apply the method and the accumulated knowledge of scientific sociology to our reality." Titles of various Papers are: the Problem of Youth in Modern Society, the Problem of Social Awareness, Mass Education and Group Analysis, and Nazi Group Strategy. The most substantial essay in the book, entitled Towards a New Social Philosophy and described as a challenge to Christian thinkers, was written for discussion by a group of friends.

It is difficult, as one reads, or, rather, as one begins to read—for further reading modifies first impressions—to restrain a gesture of impatience. Is Dr. Mannheim, one wonders, merely parading platitudes with pomp? Does it really require all the "accumulated knowledge of scientific sociology" applied to reality, to tell us that what we teach the young should depend, to a large extent, on the contribution we expect them to make to society; that old and static societies will rely on the experience of the old, while new and changing ones will draw on the energies of youth; or that the sociologist is concerned with the "concrete nature of society"? I am aware, of course, that I have picked passages out of their contexts; yet they are typical, so typical that one cannot avoid the question: is this parade of platitudes a defect of the sociological method, or merely of Dr. Mannheim's style? Whatever be the reason, there are altogether too many sentences of which "the problem of the assimilation of the newcomers from the ascending classes will become a problem which has equally to be faced in the light of conscious scrutiny" is a melancholy example. That is the sort of thing that statesmen say, and it is of Hansard, the record of their sayings that, as one reads Dr. Mannheim, one is constantly reminded. And, descending at this point to a deeper level of scepticism, one wonders, is anything at all being conveyed?

Take, for example, that last and most substantial essay—the challenge to the Christians. Values, we are told, must be revalued; we must not be mesmerised by efficiency, but must ask efficiency for what? The place of the survival values among values in general must be assessed; the problem of asceticism must be considered—an obsolete Puritanism prevents us from organising the world for plenty instead of for scarcity; on the other hand, it is wrong artificially to stimulate the desire for luxury goods and entertainments. At this the reader pricks up his ears, but his rising expectations are, alas, quickly damped by Dr. Mannheim's "I do not wish to make any decision in this controversy." Again, Dr. Mannheim considers, the problem of "split consciousness" in order to tell us that we must control our desires for self-assertion by increase of conscious awareness. The difficulty of obtaining privacy in the modern world is examined and related to the problem of mass ecstasy. Dr. Mannheim points out that it is one of the characteristics of the Soviet experiment to look with disfavour upon the need for solitude, and he has some interesting things to say about the effect of the constant company of our fellows in diminishing our individualities and increasing our similarities. When, however, we come to the question of remedies for mass ecstasy, he tells us that "an entirely negative policy . . . would be futile."

Finally, there is a discussion of the ethics of organised relationships with particular reference to the relations of the employees and managerial staff in a large factory. Two tendencies, Dr. Mannheim thinks, are at work. First, an overt tendency towards authoritarianism, which seeks to organise the work of production on a military pattern; secondly, a new spirit among the workers which is anti-Fascist, anti-Communist and anti-

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Capitalist. Unfortunately, Dr. Mannheim cannot tell us what this spirit is, since it has not yet crystallised into a coherent outlook.

As I read through this inconclusive, unrememberable stuff, there came into my mind phrases which cast a sudden illumination over the fields which Dr. Mannheim explores with a candle. On efficiency there was Tawney's "the object of a university education is not to enable a man to earn his living, but to achieve a life worth living"; on privacy, Pascal's "all man's miseries derive from his not being able to sit quietly in a room alone"; on self-assertion and co-operation, Bertrand Russell's "social ethics is the art of persuading other people to make those sacrifices which are necessary for co-operation" with one's self. And on sociology generally, consider the implications of the remark of a village shopkeeper with whom a friend was discussing the difference between a village and a town: "It is a village, sir, when the shopkeepers know who is dining at the big house."

I doubt if there are any remarks of comparable insight in Dr. Mannheim's book, yet I shall continue to read it, for when you have swallowed the pomposities and stripped away the platitudes, you come upon an underlying sanity which rises on occasion to the height of wisdom and which enables you to understand the massive scale of Dr. Mannheim's reputation. "Massive," indeed, is the apt word; so, for once, is the reviewer's *cliché* "the book will repay study." It will indeed, especially the treatment of the problem of "Youth." But it must be added that it will need the study that it repays.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE ARTS IN RUSSIA

Outlines of Russian Culture. 3 Vols. Religion: Literature: Architecture, Painting and Music. By PAUL MILYUKOV. *Milford.* 30*s.*

The Russians. By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The New Soviet Theatre. By JOSEPH MACLEOD. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Born a year before Chehov, Milyukov lived to read of the Battle of Stalingrad at an exile's hotel in Aix-les-Bains. What he regarded as his life's work, the *Outline of the History of Russian Culture*, was completed in 1905, when, as a founder of the Constitutional Democratic Party (kadets), he gave his best services to the Liberal movement. The second thoughts and new chapters added by 38 years of change have brought to the Outlines an unevenness which corresponds with Milyukov's experience. As long as he writes of Russia's remoter past or the struggle against autocracy in the early twentieth century, his style is urbane and courteous: he is a Moscow professor with a side-line in politics. As soon as he writes of 1917 and later, he is the disappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in Prince Lvov's Provisional Government, the unsuccessful bargainer with the Germans against the Bolsheviks, the Anti-Soviet editor of *Posledniye Novosti*, the *émigré* with an elderly snarl.

Of the three volumes in the *Outlines of Russian Culture*, the one on Religion is the most valuable and seems to have been completed, apart from the chapter on the Church during the Revolution, in Milyukov's liberal and happier days. No book gives a clearer record of the beginnings of Christianity in Russia, the nationalisation of the Church, the Great Schism, the hypnosis of ritual and the groping of the sects for salvation by works. The sense of right and wrong in the communal life of the Russian village emerges from this history as something older than Orthodoxy in which sin lay in failure to give the proper sign of the Cross or intone due masses at night or walk in processions away from the sun. Until the Bolsheviks offered the people salvation by their manner of living, the Russians who were dissatisfied with ritualism tried to find heaven in curious ways. Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata* and his "wandering" express the same morbid enthusiasms as the Skoptsi (the castrates) and the Dukhobors (the Strugglers with the Spirit) who tried to rid themselves of sin by renunciation, respectively, of sex and of property.

Milyukov speaks of the Soviet Union, with a willing pessimism, happily disappointed by its progress which Mr. Williams describes in *The Russians*. This well-intentioned book adds little new evidence for the understanding of Soviet affairs, and has careless errors: Timoshenko isn't a Ukrainian, despite his —*enko*, and Lenin, not Shaw, first spoke of the "idiocy of village life." To have lived 25 years in Russia seems, in itself, to be no better a qualification to write about Russia than 25 years in England to write about England.

The New Soviet Theatre has a freshness that *The Russians* lacks. Mr. Macleod, in fact, has put into this book all the qualities that the filleted voice of an announcer must do without. There is colour in his chapters on the National Theatres, warmth in his description of the audiences, sympathy (as befits the man who ran the Festival Theatre, Cambridge) for the difficulties of Soviet producers, applause for their achievements, and, through it all, a critical discrimination which makes this one of the few good books on Russia published since war began.

But what is Socialist Realism? Milyukov suggests that the term is invalid in aesthetics; Macleod offers a negative suggestion by distinguishing it from formalistic and naturalistic art. Neither explains that Socialist Realism appeared as a theory of art at the same time as millions of Russians had become literate on a common level of culture. Sewing machines, bicycles, gramophones and tractors were then bringing what the Russians themselves called "culture" into the villages. Social behaviour was becoming predictable; to be unshaven was no longer the mark of a proletarian. Art, too, put on a collar and tie and made itself at home among the masses who had only known it in the form of peasant *Chastushki* (improvised couplets) and ikon painting. To them, the experimental 1920's were barren years; the new realistic art, though it often idealised their lives and their heroes, was popular because it could be understood.

Whether Socialist Realism is a theory of aesthetics, as Macleod claims, or merely describes a stage of popular understanding, the arts in Socialist Russia are now, what they never have been in Russia's history—a part of the people's experience.

MAURICE EDELMAN

BATON OR BLUDGEON?

Metternich. By ALGERNON CECIL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bismarck. By IAN MORROW. *Duckworth.* 3*s.*

Mr. Morrow ends his little book on the note that Bismarck "was even more than a great statesman; he, like Abraham Lincoln, belongs to the small number of men who have summoned nations into life." It was just this technique (Bismarck's, not Lincoln's) which, Mr. Cecil reminds one, Metternich spent his life in frustrating; if he was a statesman at all, it was because he was a good European.

European history, in the last five centuries, boils down, for Mr. Cecil, to the decline and fall of Christendom. First there was the Reformation and then the Revolution, and now there is Hitler. It was not to life, but to murder and suicide, that Bismarck summoned the Germany of the Ottos

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nd the Fredericks, of Dürer and Beethoven and Kant and Goethe. It is the sour grapes of Rouseau and Robespierre and Napoleon which are ow setting French teeth on edge. But the long process which has turned Europe from a community of believers into a concentration camp as not been continuous; from time to time in its st illness civilisation has rallied. In Metternich Mr. Cecil sees a master of diagnosis and treatment who can claim to have checked the mortal sickness and prolonged the agony of the patient; there is a melancholy interest in seeing how he did it.

A sober landlord can sometimes stop a fight in the bar without calling the police. He must keep his own temper at all costs; if he has to do something undignified (like appeasing Napoleon with Marie Louise) he must do it with the maximum of dignity. He must make up his mind to satisfy no one, to earn no gratitude and to bear no grudges, to know what he will do if his bluff is called, never to miss a chance of isolating a ringleader or soothing a malcontent who counts. Diplomacy has its code, peculiar, no doubt, but rigorous; the equilibrium it achieves is unstable by its very nature, yet, given suitable conditions, it has been known to temper for quite a while the wind of state sovereignty to the shorn lamb of frail humanity.

Mr. Cecil, in the new introduction which adds to the interest of his book, first published in 1933, seems to have a faint hope that Metternich's technique might be applied again, that harmony might be conjured out of the hideous discords of European chaos and something like an international orchestra take the stage (after a decent interval), when the curtain has dropped on the tasteless melodrama which now holds it. There re only two alternatives, he argues, to the gangster's gun which has the last word in international anarchy. One is the sword of Hobbes' Leviathan, a concentration of power so absolute s would, Mr. Cecil thinks, inevitably corrupt its holder. The other is the baton of the good European. If it is not silence or Babel, but a symphony we want, it is no good giving the conductor either a sword or a gun.

To turn a patriot in uniform into a European musician in evening dress, the patient must be made to undergo a cure drastic and perhaps prolonged; he must be purged of the delusion which identifies the state with the nation. The most dangerous contemporary monomaniac is the man who is incapable of maintaining a balance of conflicting loyalties, who has reduced his vocabulary to the single slogan: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The Shakespearian enthusiast who held that Warwickshire ought to be a sovereign state with its capital at Stratford-on-Avon, if he murdered a man who put in a counter-claim for Southwark, would probably be imprisoned during his Majesty's pleasure. Yet this is the kind of thing, as Lord Acton pointed out and as Mr. Cecil agrees, which comes of the "modern theory of nationality, which is the greatest adversary of the rights of nationality."

Metternich did not mind Italians appreciating Dante or Michelangelo provided they did not express their enthusiasm by stabbing Austrian policemen in Lombardy. The question whether it will prove necessary, or would be desirable, to re-invent the Austrian Empire must not, anyhow, be allowed to blur Mr. Cecil's portrait of his good European. It is firmly based, as all historical biography should be based, on what Metternich was and what he did, not on what he might have been or might have done. It is pungent, candid and sympathetic. Accept its assumptions and you will find it difficult to reject its conclusions.

KENNETH BELL

Week-end Competitions

No. 698

Set by C. Day Lewis

The speeches of eminent men at School Speech Days are traditionally platitudinous, soporific and false. The usual prizes are offered for the opening paragraphs (not more than 200 words) of a speech, to be given on such an occasion by an eminent Old Boy or Visitor, which—without actually creating a public scandal—should startle and hold the attention of the parents, the staff and, above all, the boys.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, June 28th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 695

Set by Diogenes

The Spanish press has suddenly and unanimously decided that bombing is not only barbarous but useless. The usual prizes are offered for an epigram upon this belated conversion.

Report by Diogenes

The "great Christian gentleman" has, I believe, done more to antagonise the English by this obviously useless newspaper campaign than by any of his more effective acts of unfriendliness. Even his old friends here lack the courage—or perhaps the desire—to defend him. S.N.K.F. sent a good entry, but has disqualified himself by getting it printed in another journal. I recommend that prizes of 16s. each go to: I. C. Saul, L. E. J. and F. C. C.; 9s. each to Leslie Johnson, Yorick, Willy Tadpole and Sir Robert Witt. The best of the others were: C. F. Best, Ronald Mason and J. A. Wurtzburg.

TO FRANCO

Anne tibi lacrimas, qui tot scelerata tuorum
  Funera movisti, nunc aliena movent?
Germanum patitur dum sola Britannia fulmen
  Ridebas quae nunc barbara facta vocas.
Quid miror? vulpes quoque callida, ridet hyaena,
  Crudelis lacrimas et crocodilus habet . . .

I. C. SAUL

Here stood Guernica—prematurely shattered
Before the Fascists thought that bombing mattered.

L. E. J.

FALANGIST PERORATION

Shall raining bombs set half the earth aflame,
  And Franco's men so dark a deed condone?
Speak not of Guernica with those who claim
  The proud priority to cast a stone.

F. C. C.

RAIN, RAIN, GO TO SPAIN

Franco, to cure the ills of Spain,
Invoked a brand of ghastly rain.
Why should he deem it less a cure
Now that it feeds the swollen Ruhr?

LESLIE JOHNSON

Franco: "Bombing s barbarous—and it's useless, too!"
Churchill: "Thank you so much —and *Guernica* to you!"

YORICK

Victorious Franco now has set
Himself to teach us etiquette,
Yet, if he toured our country, we
Should send him on to Coventry.

WILLY TADPOLE

Consistency is foolish, turn your shirt,
Give up your bombing, for it doesn't hurt,
We speak as England's friends, for Spanish pride
Demands Spain's presence on the winning side.

SIR ROBERT WITT

Company Meetings

MARKS & SPENCER

The seventeenth ordinary general meeting of Marks & Spencer, Ltd., was held on June 10th, in London, Mr. Simon Marks, D.Sc. (chairman and managing director), presiding.

The following is an extract from the chairman's statement circulated with the report and accounts:—

The net profit for the year is £1,457,467, compared with £1,583,088 last year. The provision for taxation at £863,000 compares with £895,486 last year. The dividends are now shown after deduction of tax. The directors propose a final dividend of 20 per cent., making 35 per cent. for the year, which will leave an increased carry-forward of £704,015.

The scope of retail distribution is governed by the number of coupons and points available to the public. The limitation of supplies and of spending power represented by coupons and points has caused a contraction of retail business. The activities of your company have accordingly been affected, and this process may be expected to affect them still more in the current year. Within the framework of the production of utility garments, the specifications for which are laid down by the Board of Trade, there is a certain amount of freedom for the exercise of initiative. We are, therefore, still able to maintain our policy of offering the public the best values obtainable. We are grateful to our manufacturing friends and suppliers for their continued co-operation under difficult conditions.

Of our pre-war staff of 20,000 only 3,000 are still with us, the majority having left to take up other work of national importance in the war effort. Our present full-time labour force numbers some 9,500.

The report was adopted.

ODHAMS PRESS

INCREASED NET PROFITS

THE twenty-third annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd., was held on June 10th in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Southwood of Fern hurst (chairman and managing director) said that the net profits for the year under review amounted to £698,428, an increase of approximately £86,983 over the previous year. He was sure that shareholders would consider that satisfactory. The general reserve now stood at £680,000. It was proposed to transfer to it out of profits of the year under review a further £60,000, which would bring it up to £740,000, approximately sufficient to cover the whole of the book values of copyrights and leases of advertising sites.

In the profit and loss account there was a reserve of £395,696 for taxation, an increase of £81,751 over the previous year. The contribution this year to the employees' life insurance and endowment scheme amounted to £56,382. After the charges set out in the profit and loss account, there was an available balance of £250,582. Balances due from subsidiary companies were down by £253,830. That was due to the fact that these subsidiary companies had been able to reduce during the year the amounts due to the company—a very satisfactory position.

Under the heading of investments there was a new item of Government securities of £200,000, being War Bonds taken in response to the Government's appeal for subscriptions during "Warships Week." Another new item was Tax Reserve Certificates £800,000, representing the provision made to meet accrued and accruing liabilities for taxation. The directors recommended a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 12½ per cent.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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